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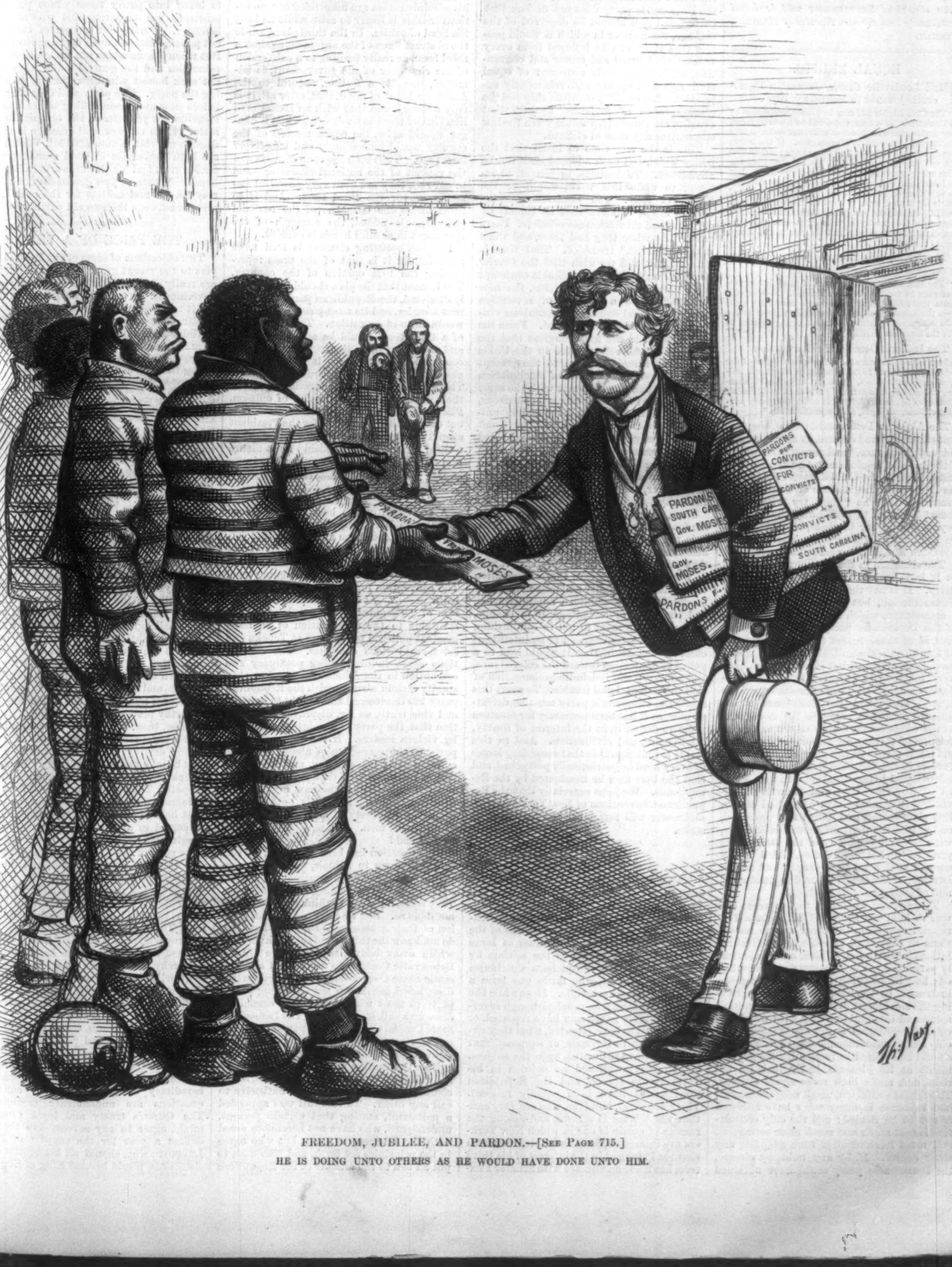

FREEDOM, JUBILEE, AND PARDON.—[See Page 715.]

HE IS DOING UNTO OTHERS AS HE WOULD HAVE DONE UNTO HIM.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1874.

With this Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY *is sent out gratuitously an*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

*containing a beautiful double-page engraving, entitled "The Beginning of an Artist's Career," another installment of "*THE TREASURE HUNTERS,*" etc.*

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EQUAL RIGHTS.

THE Louisville *Courier-Journal*, a Democratic journal in Kentucky, says:

"The Civil Rights Bill may be passed, and signed by the President. If it does, there will be a war of races, a revolution, the overthrow of universal suffrage, and a military government at Washington. If the North is ready for this, so is the South: we have touched bottom, and can go no further. We have reached the point where gravitation stops and turns back. But the intermediate stage is to be avoided if possible, and we would avoid it, even if we have to back General GRANT for a third term, or for life. He may veto the Civil Rights Bill, and being made sure of a re-election, may startle the country by refusing to run. If so, let him dictate his successor, and the South will accept him."

The *World*, a Democratic journal in New York, says:

"The talk about a general war of races is too preposterous to receive serious attention. Neither race wants that; but the time seems to have fully come when the question must be peacefully decided at the polls whether the whites are to rule or the negroes to ruin the Southern States."

The Indiana Democratic Convention

"views with abhorrence the attempt on the part of the Federal government to take control of all schools, colleges, churches, hotels, railroads, steamboats, theatres, and grave-yards for the purpose of establishing negro equality, and enforcing it under numerous penalties of fines, damages, and imprisonments."

The Alabama Democratic Convention denounces the colored citizens as an "ignorant and barbarous race," and repeats the words of the Indiana resolution. And Mr. EATON, just elected to the United States Senate by the Democratic Legislature of Connecticut, announces that he "shall try with other honest Senators to take away the Federal bayonets from our brothers," meaning that he shall try to commit the blacks in the Southern States to the care of the whites.

The situation in the Southern States, bad as it is, is mainly due to the Democratic party. It is not the result of the policy of reconstruction, but of the conditions and circumstances which shaped reconstruction. If the Democratic party had had absolute control of those States from the surrender of LEE to this moment, the situation would have been different, but it would have been very much more threatening, because injustice would have been organized upon the largest scale, and the monstrous consequences of such a policy to the moral tone of the whole country were shown in the influence of slavery for seventy years. And yet at the end of the war had the white leaders in the Southern States shown themselves equal to the situation, had they learned of Governor ORR and General LONGSTREET, they might have controlled affairs. But they sulked and defied and protested, and passed the most infamous black codes, with the full sympathy of the Democratic press in the Northern States, which openly sneered at General LONGSTREET and all the late Confederates who showed signs of sense and of statesman-like instincts.

Two courses were open to Congress: one was to hold the recovered States in a Territorial condition, the other was to restore them as rapidly as possible to practical relations in the Union. Public opinion scarcely permitted the first course to be considered; and in adopting the second, Congress, instructed by the overwhelming facts, having the completest evidence of the revolting spirit and intolerable policy with which the colored population were to be treated if the old Democratic ascendency in the States should be suffered to reorganize the governments at its pleasure, justly took all the risks, and made both races equal citizens. That great confusion, much misgovernment, and injustice in many ways have followed is not to be denied; and the only consolation is that much and much more permanent evil must have resulted from adopting any other course. If, by any unhappy chance, the Democratic party could have obtained possession of the government, the condition of the colored population under black codes and vagrant laws, and at the mercy of Democratic ex-slave-holding State-sovereignty legislation, would have been only a less shame to humanity and civilization than the slavery which under another form it would have perpetuated.

Plainly the wise and patriotic, the peaceful and necessary, course for the country to pursue is to maintain the equal rights of all citizens in the fullest and completest manner. This can not and will not be done by the Democratic party. It declares, indeed, that the rights of the colored citizens must be protected. But it "abhors" an equality which it calls social, but which is not social, being merely legal. It speaks with Mr. EATON of "our brothers" in the Southern States, meaning those who denounce the colored race as barbarous. Its animating spirit is one of hostility to the policy that gave political and civil rights to the colored people. It is traditionally servile to the class that held them in slavery; and while the Democratic party does not declare that the colored race should be deprived of the suffrage, the manner in which it would protect that right can be inferred from every Democratic journal and orator and convention, while Democratic contempt of equal civil rights is openly and vehemently expressed. But equality of citizenship and the disappearance of prejudice against that equality are simply impossible when the law stigmatizes any class of citizens.

This is the very time to insist that the policy which has been adopted shall not be abandoned. To hesitate, to retreat, to attempt to undo this work, would be the height of folly. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* ought to know that its threats of civil war and revolution are obsolete. There was a time when they had force, and when a timid "North" trembled. That time is gone forever, and we wish that the *Courier* could understand the unspeakable contempt with which the new generation, the new "North," hears a menace of revolution should the legal equality of American citizens be every where maintained. From the first moment in the first Congress that the question of the colored race in the Union challenged attention down to the present moment, every proposition of amelioration of its condition has been met with the same assertion, that it was unnatural, monstrous, unchristian, and would surely end in universal massacre and anarchy. The event has uniformly belied the prediction; and had the Democratic warning been heeded and the counsel followed, this nation would have been absolutely subjugated by the slave power, the power of injustice and inhumanity.

Since, then, the Democratic party, always the foe of equal liberty, returns to its vomit, it is the duty of all intelligent citizens to understand what is involved in a victory of that party, under whatever pretense it may be won, and to take care that exasperation with whatever venality and misconduct may be detected in Republican administration, and the hope of advantage from change, shall not cause them to aid in establishing Democratic ascendency. For no intelligent observer can doubt that it would lead to a policy of oppression toward the colored race, and an angry and indefinite prolongation of that cause of national trouble. To avert this result the Democratic party must be defeated now, as it has been necessary for fourteen years to defeat it, in the interest of liberty, intelligence, and civilization. And to this end it is indispensable that secondary issues of every kind be patriotically postponed, and that the best men be nominated by the Republicans. We hope especially that the Republican Conventions of New York and Massachusetts will remember the real issue at stake.

A THIRD TERM.

THE mare's-nests which have been discovered by the debate upon the third term are very many and very large, the most remarkable being the theory of the support of General GRANT by the residuary legatees of the old Southern fire-eaters. Another of large size is the favor shown to the scheme by some of the more conspicuous Cincinnati supporters of 1872, who made one term a cardinal political principle. Meanwhile the President is silent, as usual, although several very voluble gentlemen have reported, or are reported to have reported, what they understood him to intimate, or supposed that he might have intimated, upon the subject. Mr. MORTON expressed no opinion in his Terre Haute speech, and the Republican Conventions have been equally reticent. There are those, however, who are very sure that the scheme is serious, and among the rumors of gossip is one in which New Yorkers are interested, for it is nothing less than that the President in the interest of his third term has made an alliance with Senator FENTON against Senator CONKLING, who is supposed to cherish designs upon the nomination, the conditions of the compact being that the President—who has officially declared that honesty and efficiency, not political activity, shall determine the tenure of office—shall put the Federal patronage into the hands of his ally to promote the renomination!

Amidst the hum of rumor it is worth while to see what conditions, besides the control of patronage, are favorable to a third term for General GRANT. There are three which are obvious. In the first place, there are no leaders in the Republican party who may be said by pre-eminence to command a nomination, while the situation of affairs and the condition of the party make the nomination of a conspicuous candidate desirable. In the second place, General GRANT, although he has never aroused great popular enthusiasm, has always inspired general confidence in his steadiness and integrity. There is a wide feeling, to which he owed much of his support in 1872, that, while many things in his administration are unsatisfactory, no serious trouble is likely to arise while he is at the head of affairs. In the third place, while the abstract force of the argument against a third term, as really tending to a subversion of the character of the government, is admitted, there is a feeling, natural to the American habit of mind, that, after all, it is only a theory, and that with an honest man like GRANT there is no danger, while if danger should arise, the common-sense of the country would immediately and effectively intervene. Thus both the conservatism and the conceit of the national character—and in our race they are both very powerful elements—favor the third term. And if to these forces the influence of the national patronage is added, the strength of the movement in skillful hands is evident.

But the opposing element is still more powerful, for it is that of the press representing the best opinion of the country. The instant that the plan should be distinctly disclosed, the Republican party would be rent asunder, and its most powerful journals would unite in opposition. The proposition of a third term would be an issue greater and more immediate than any that are now contemplated; and since it has been suggested, silence is an unpardonable policy. The friends of the Administration owe to it their most emphatic expression of opinion. Plain speech is their imperative duty. It is not enough that friendship for the President should assume that he can not contemplate a third term. That friendship must assure him that he ought not to contemplate it.

NEW PARTY MOVEMENTS.

A CONVENTION has been lately held at Lansing, in Michigan, which resolved that the mass of Republican and Democratic voters are honest, but that they can not control the organizations of their parties, and are therefore made the tools of designing men. The convention further resolved to "organize a party." At the same time a convention of "delegates of the people of Kansas favorable to the organization of an independent political party" met at Topeka and set forth various doctrines. The conventions agree in denouncing profligacy and corruption in the Administration, but they specify certain abuses which the Republican party has condemned and sought to correct; and this truth, so far, disproves the assertion that the party is absolutely controlled by vicious leaders. If the object of a new party be the correction of abuses which an existing party is correcting, and the promotion of reforms which that party is promoting, the necessity of the new organization does not appear. Evidently both conventions desire honesty of administration. So do all honest men. Is a new party essential to that end?

This question has been answered by certain gentlemen in Illinois, who are discontented with the Administration and the Republican party, by joining the Democratic. They seem, however, to think that they have not done so. But we have too good an opinion of their acuteness to suppose that they do not know the thinness of the mask through which every body else sees. The Illinois Democratic State Committee met to call a Democratic State Convention, and invited certain dissatisfied gentlemen not belonging to the party to meet with them. The committee drew up a call, stating that "The Democratic State Central Committee, in pursuance of the power vested in it by the Democratic State Convention of 1872, hereby give notice that a State Convention will be held," etc. This is a call for a Democratic Convention, for of course the committee had no authority to call any other. To this call was appended a postscript, stating that certain persons, undersigned, who have not heretofore acted with the Democratic party, but who agree in the principles set forth, and who wish to put an end to the misrule of the Republican party, "heartily join in the foregoing call." That is to say, that they invite their friends to come with them to a Democratic Convention, regularly called by a Democratic State Committee, which is a formal and absolute union with the Democratic party.

These gentlemen see that there is no ground for a new party, and as they think the Republicans have failed, they join the Democrats. And this, under existing circumstances, is the only alternative. The majority of those who attended the Michigan Convention were Republicans. If they represent any large number of their late associates, the result of their action will not be a new party, it will be the success of the Democratic party. The demand for honesty of administration is not enough for the formation of a new party, because men naturally think that honest administration requires only honest men, and that there are plenty of men in their own party who will unite official honesty with sound political principle, and that their aim must be to secure the nomination of such men rather than to bring into power those whose political principles are dangerous, and who are not honester. Parties are means of carrying out policies founded upon certain principles. But when the members are agreed upon the principles and the general policy, they will not seek honest administration by dissolving the party. The party will dissolve only before new and commanding issues, and as these do not yet appear, the old parties remain. Even the financial question is not a dissolvent. Mr. KERR and Mr. VOORHEES are both Democrats in good standing, and Mr. MORTON and Mr. CONKLING, both Republicans. Whatever just dissatisfaction there may be, the real contest for the next Congress is between the two old parties.

THE PRICE OF A VEIL.

THE objections of some of the English papers to the recent grant to Prince LEOPOLD are really objections to the British form of government. If a nation keeps a royal family, it must pay for it as for other luxuries. As Mr. GLADSTONE remarked, in his most mellifluous manner, when seconding Mr. DISRAELI'S motion for the grant:

"We can not fail to recollect that this mode of coming from time to time to state, as the princes and princesses have attained successively to certain periods of life, the need which has appeared to arise on their behalf is the manner most agreeable to the spirit of our institutions, most calculated to maintain the authority of the sovereign over the junior members of the royal family, and most calculated to maintain the constitutional control of this House in any and in every question connected with the disposal of the public funds."

"Yes," remarks the *Spectator*, "in a veiled republic it is decent to pay for the veil." Certainly it is. The veil on the monarchy is a simple sum in arithmetic. The "grace of God" theory having lapsed, the theory of the modern monarchy is that a hereditary executive head, surrounded with becoming state, is cheaper than a popular elective form with all its chances. But an essential part of the system is splendor. The monarch is practically as imbecile as a Grand Lama; but the condition of the game is that every body shall agree to play that he is a great personage, shall perform kow-tow before him, and use his name as that of the aggregate nation, so that Mr. GLADSTONE himself is known as the leader of her Majesty's opposition, and Mrs. KEMBLE used to delight to call herself humorously one of her Majesty's unworthy players.

Those, then, who think it economical to have a royal family ought to see that parsimony destroys it. It is a spectacle that must be maintained accordingly. Kings and queens and princes and princesses are its puppets. They are not permitted to engage in lucrative trades or professions, and they must be supported. But they must also be supported in a way to strike the popular imagination; for, as Mr. BAGEHOT says, the great mass of the English people really suppose that the monarch rules, and that the genuflexions imply a real religion. The nation gives the monarch, or nominal executive chief, a palace, and encourages him to marry, that the hereditary headship may not fail. To complain of supporting his children in a royal manner is puerile. If a man votes against the grant because he opposes the monarchy, he has some show of reason; but to growl at the grant and sustain the system that makes it necessary is absurd.

But it is replied that there is reason in roasting eggs, and that a train of a dozen princes and princesses, each to be supported and then married and portioned, is too oppressive. But the monarch conclusively answers in the most conservative strain that it is of the highest importance to secure the hereditary descent. Still the collateral questions are undoubtedly troublesome. The Queen's trusty and loyal Commons might agree to pay seventy-five thousand dollars a year for the support of Prince LEOPOLD, who, should all his brothers and sisters die, would become King of England;

but what shall they do if the Prince of Wales, who is the heir-apparent, and may to-morrow ascend the throne, and who with his Cornish revenues has an income of more than seven hundred thousand dollars a year, should come to the faithful Commons and ask them to pay his debts, amounting to three millions and a half of dollars? It seems that this is possible. It is one of the spangles upon the veil. The dilemma would be disagreeable; for if the faithful Commons did not wish to pay, still less would they wish to perform kow-tow before a gracious sovereign who bilked his tailor and shoemaker. It is urged that the debts are not state expenses. But how can that be determined? There is no specification of state expenses, and it is a fair question whether all the outlays of a purely state personage are not state expenses. It is the old difficulty with the Pope. How can a bad man be the vicegerent of God? When Rodrigo Borgia goes to his place, what becomes of Pope Alexander? The perils of a Presidential election are many, but the hereditary executive headship also has evidently its difficulties.

"HARD MONEY."

The financial question is now one of the most commanding in our politics, and as there are really but two parties, it is necessary for the voter to know the position of each of them upon this subject. No one, indeed, who watched the proceedings and scanned the votes of the last session of Congress could have much doubt that neither the Republican nor the Democratic party was agreed upon any financial policy. As each of them contains conspicuous advocates of a revenue tariff, so each counts hard-money men and inflationists among its supporters. This fact is honestly acknowledged by the Republican press and by the better class of Republican speakers. But it is denied by the Democratic press. The Republican Congressional address, to which the first signature is that of John A. Logan, one of the most zealous of expansionists, says, frankly, "The currency is in an abnormal condition, and must be reformed. It is undoubtedly true that the Republican party is not agreed how to effect that reform." That is manly and distinct. On the other hand, we read in a Democratic paper the unconditional declaration, "The Democratic party of the United States is a hard-money party and a free-trade party." This, however, is not a fact which can be established by the vociferous assertion of a newspaper. Its verification must be sought in the authorized declarations of the party itself, made in the recognized and usual manner.

The Democratic National Convention of 1868 resolved in favor of the paper redemption of the bonds "when the law under which they were issued does not provide that they shall be paid in coin." The Democratic National Convention of 1872, which nominated a Republican, adopted the Cincinnati resolution of those whose political sympathies were Republican, and which denounced "repudiation in every form and guise," and demanded "a speedy return to specie payment." The votes of Democratic Representatives in Congress are not, indeed, the deliberate official voice of the party, but they show more truly than the votes of a nominating convention the prevailing sentiment of the party, and upon the test questions during the late session the Democratic votes were generally equally divided for and against expansion. In prospect of the autumn elections, up to the time at which we write there have been four Democratic State Conventions held—in Maine, Vermont, Indiana, and Alabama—and one in the Territory of Colorado. The Maine Convention protested vigorously against inflation, and demanded an approximation to specie payment "as rapidly as possible." The Vermont Convention said nothing whatever upon the financial question. The Indiana Convention declared strongly for inflation, and for the repeal of the law which explains that the bonds were intended to be paid in gold. The Alabama Convention is silent upon the subject; and that of Colorado favors a return to specie payment "as soon as the business interests of the country demand and will permit," which is the demand of the Indiana Democratic inflationists. Thus of four State Conventions held by the Democratic party since the adjournment of Congress, one has pronounced warmly for hard money, one with equal warmth has denounced it, and two are silent. And upon this state of facts the "Democratic party of the United States" is called "a hard-money party."

During the same time the Republicans have held five conventions—in Maine, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Delaware. The Indiana and Illinois conventions favored inflation; that of Maine denounced it with energy; that of Iowa demands resumption when business will permit, and that of Delaware is silent upon the subject. The Republican votes in Congress were divided; but in both Houses, with the exception of Senators Morton and Logan, the most conspicuous and representative Republican leaders were opposed to expansion. Nothing is clearer, from this simple relation of the facts, than that the Democratic party, as at present organized, is not a hard-money party, but that both Republicans and Democrats vitally differ within their party lines upon the financial question, and that neither can hope to win supporters from the other by the bald assertion of a harmony which does not exist.

So far as a financial policy is concerned, every voter must decide whether there is reason in the character and antecedents of the Democratic party to suppose that it will pursue a wiser and more honest course, and one more careful of the honor of the country and of the national faith, than the Republican party. Is it from the Republican party in its authorized declarations that menaces to that honor and faith have proceeded? Is it among Republicans that the advocates of repudiation have been found? Is it among those who in every community have been politically identified with the Republican party that the supporters of repudiation and inflation are naturally to be sought? If specie payment can not be reached, as is alleged, until a party comes into power upon that plain issue, the question in regard to the organization known as the Democratic party is very evident, and it is twofold. Is there any reason whatever for supposing that party to be more devoted to "hard money" than its opponent? and is there any reason whatever for supposing that if it should gain power upon that issue it would not pursue a disastrous policy in regard to other most momentous national interests?

OCCASIONAL PAPERS FROM EUROPE.

No. XXV.

There was never a city so full of historical memories as Paris. Each one of these tall blocks of buildings overhanging the narrow streets has shared in some mediæval tragedy or been associated with the story of the wars of the League and the madness of the Fronde. Huge houses seven stories high, apparently as inaccessible as mountains, with shattered roofs and projecting windows that seem ready to fall momentarily on the denizens of the nineteenth century, remind one at least of the discomforts and the barbarities of the fifteenth. It is almost possible, in these dim streets, to imagine Henry V. winning his bride at the point of the sword from perishing France, and the infant Henry VI. beginning his disastrous reign as sovereign lord of England and of France. Up yonder narrow causeway rode the gay English, helmeted, plumed, triumphant. In yonder island, stained with the scars of ages, the guild of the butchers of Paris ruled over the capital. Orleanists and Burgundians fought on yonder bridge, and the Seine has borne down to the ocean, from age to age, the blood of contending factions. All the wonders and the miseries of Paris seem condensed in a narrow space. The drama of French national life has been played out on a little stage, and its actors, bedizened as kings or queens, priests or princes, have never ventured far from the obscure river and the central fane of Notre Dame. It was only Louis XIV. who led royalty and nobility to Marly and Versailles, and the Revolution brought them back to harbor in the Temple. Within the narrow limits of the ancient city it needs no scene-painter to provide a setting for the historical picture. The buildings, the streets, the river, the fitful skies, and the heavy air are still appropriate to the long succession of tragic and sometimes tragi-comic scenes with which Paris has filled the attention of the world.

Of the latter the most conspicuous has been the attempt to restore the Bourbons. Yet it is only twelve months ago that a sudden and nearly successful intrigue of priests and princes, of De Broglie and M'Mahon, overturned the new republic, and had almost placed Henri V. on the throne of the Capets. One can fancy the stately pomp with which he would have entered the astonished capital, surrounded by his battalions of soldiery, and welcomed only by cardinals and Jesuits, nobles and marshals. Versailles would have shone again with banquets and revelry, the ruins of the Tuileries have glowed with a new illumination, and the policy of Louis XIV. governed France. It was no fault of the existing Assembly or of its nominal President that this singular scheme was not altogether successful. Every thing had been prepared for the advent of the new king. The Church opened its arms to receive him, the Pope had blessed the undertaking. The people alone seem to have been wholly forgotten. It was when Paris had just expressed its preference for a liberal republic by an immense majority, and when the nation had firmly resolved upon reform, that the Assembly and its President unfolded their plot for the destruction of the liberties of France. How they could have hoped to impose upon the people a government that no one but the Jesuits and a small faction of the old aristocracy could endure it is difficult to imagine. Yet their plan was plainly to introduce the king, to establish his power by force, and to educate the nation by the powerful organization of the Church, its committees, editors, societies, to bear what they could not avert. The plan was perfected, the royal guest expected, a state carriage and horses made ready for his triumphal entrance into Paris; and M'Mahon and De Broglie, the chief leaders of reaction, believed apparently that their attempt to practice a plain fraud upon their country, and their conspiracy against freedom, could not be foiled. The Church would again rule over France, and Heaven avenge its wrongs upon Germany. One obstacle alone intervened. Henri V. was perhaps an honest man—one of the first among his race—or at least a resolute fanatic, and refused to be a sharer in the public fraud. De Broglie and the priesthood seem to have hoped to convince the people by an express compact that there was no danger to the existing settlement of the land, the popular rights, and religious freedom, in the return of the Bourbon; Henri V. refused to declare that he would be bound by any of the restrictions imposed upon royalty by the revolution of 1789. If he came back at all, it must be as the anointed King of France, the chosen son of the Church, prepared to restore the nation to that happy condition in which it lived when it obeyed and trembled before the most tyrannical of his ancestors. But not even De Broglie and M'Mahon would venture upon so dangerous an experiment as to bring back a Bourbon untrammeled by some constitutional check, and bound by no higher law than the traditional authority of the crown. There happened to be in France several millions of landed proprietors, usually hardy and frugal peasants, the titles to whose small estates were founded upon the revolution of 1789 and the confiscation of the lands of the Church and the nobility. And the reactionary faction knew that no king nor government could bear the brunt of that political storm which must sweep over the country should the existing settlement of the national domain be placed for a moment in doubt. Already through the provinces the peasants began to suspect that the Church and the nobles designed to wrest from them their little farms, and rebuild anew their châteaux and their monasteries. There were ominous threats on the Garonne and the Loire. The people murmured at the approach of Henri V. It was necessary to give them some assurance that he would do them no harm, that he would respect their property and their rights. But this he refused to do. The plot failed, and the conspirators who succeeded in overturning the republic of M. Thiers in the summer of last year are still vainly seeking for some means of defying the wishes of the people, and establishing at last by force a government of reaction.

The next device was the Septennate. Some acute priest or servile deputy must have invented this singular expedient, and whispered it at the Élysées into no unwilling ears. By a majority so small as scarcely to insure respect for a common decree, in an Assembly which notoriously had been condemned by every recent election as no longer in possession of the suffrages of more than a small fraction of the people, M'Mahon was declared dictator of France for seven years. He promised to maintain the authority of the usurping Assembly; the Assembly, or its majority, pledged themselves to obey the dictator; the priesthood abandoned Henri V. to ally themselves to the new ruler. M'Mahon has declared his resolution to maintain his position by force of arms against the people whom he had labored to deceive, and even against the Assembly from which he derived his office. What are the limits of his power, what is to be the policy of his government, no one pretends to suggest. He is a despot, self-chosen, and maintained by the army and the priests. He may rule with the cruelty of a Dr. Francia, the jealous suspicion of a Dionysius, yet no one will have any opportunity to murmur. He has waved the sword of military violence before the people, and bidden them obey. Paris trembles before the military class and its silent chief as it trembled before the rule of its butchers in 1415 and the Duke of Burgundy, the leader of the assassins; its politicians rage against one another with frightful menaces; tyranny produces its necessary results; and the Seine may once more run red with the blood of contending factions. In the well-known show place around the Louvre and the Tuileries, the Palais Royal and the Place Vendôme, where from age to age the fierce passions of an uneducated and half-barbarous people have found an utterance in a succession of frightful deeds—where from the days when the Burgundian butchers flung the bodies of their victims into the Seine, when the Huguenots fled through all these dim and narrow streets chased by the Catholic assassins, when the Jacobins ruled in yonder market-place and the guillotine labored in the Place de la Grève, from the conspiracies against the first Napoleon to the slaughter of innocent spectators on the fairest of Parisian boulevards under the last, through the civil strife of four centuries, until the recent horrors of the Commune, the French have never lost the mediæval thirst for bloodshed, and have never attained to the humanity of a rising civilization. Education has been stopped by an autocratic Church. The people have been shut out from the influence of the better minds of other nations. While London has yielded slowly to reform, and even Vienna entered upon a new progress, Paris still vibrates with mediæval impulses, and avows its hatred, if we may trust M. Lemoine, for all that is "Biblical, Puritanical, Methodistical," and that savors of moral restraint. It prefers, he asserts, "license and chivalry." It is plain that if the butchers of Burgundy in some new form are not let loose upon Paris, it will not be because its popular editors teach it common-sense.

Under these tall gray houses and through these narrow streets the Parisian duelists have for four centuries plied their dreadful trade. This novel system of murder sprang up in the fifteenth century. In the sixteenth it had reached in Paris the height of a general insanity. A look, a smile, a cold bow, a hint of rivalry, were thought sufficient to lead to an instant encounter. The Pont Neuf was the favorite scene of the Parisian duel of the reign of Henri III. or Louis XIII. The fierce Mercutios, witty and insolent, crossed swords at a word, and only repented of their mad passions when the deadly thrust was given. Every day the combats went on. Twenty, and sometimes a hundred, cavaliers met in these savage massacres. It is easy to see where the twenty Bonapartists who recently were anxious to fight twenty republicans have looked for instruction. But while in all other lands the "Biblical, Puritanical, and Methodistical" influence which M. Lemoine so contemns has banished the chivalric form of murder, in Paris it prevails with a constant intensity. To the shame of letters, it is not found that intelligence or literary eminence eradicates the barbarous passion. The chief editors of Paris are among its most noted duelists. One is renowned for twenty encounters, and has slain four of his fellow-countrymen; he is a leader of French "society." Another, the chief of the fraternity, the most successful and wealthy, has had but four duels, but in one killed the most accomplished of his contemporaries. The liberal journalists vowed to avenge the death of their companion, but Girardin would never fight again. Few members of the press but have been led by the example of their chiefs into the fearful custom. One can scarcely grasp a hand among the French editors that may not be stained with blood, or has not aimed the murderous blow. It would seem that literature should at last set itself against chivalry, and men of letters rise beyond the barbarism around them. Let dukes and marshals alone emulate the Pawnee and the Sioux if they will!

Eugene Lawrence.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Nearly a month ago a white man shot a negro girl in Austin, Arkansas, which so exasperated the colored people that the murderer had to take refuge in a jail to escape their vengeance. A few days since his friends released him, and carried him away to safer quarters. When the negroes learned this they assembled in crowds and demanded the fugitive's return. The whites also gathered, and attacking the blacks, killed ten of them, and took several prisoners. Peace was restored the next day.

The Arrapahoes, Sioux, and Cheyennes are reported to be getting ready for war. The soldiers are following them up sharply.

During two weeks of the month of July nearly one thousand children under two years of age died in this city.

The Right Rev. Henry J. Whitehouse, Episcopal Bishop of Illinois, died in Chicago on the 10th inst., in his seventy-second year.

The Indiana Independent State Convention convened at Indianapolis on the 12th inst. S. Bowles was nominated for Secretary of State, and Andrew H. Graham for Superintendent of Public Instruction.

An accident occurred on the Southeastern Railroad, running from Boston to Montreal, on the night of the 13th inst., by which five persons were killed and fifteen injured. A bridge over the Missisquoi River had been carried away by the heavy rain, and the section men neglecting to signal the train, the engine and four of the cars were precipitated into the water.

The New York State Temperance Committee have called a convention of the temperance voters who have not co-operated with the third-party movement, to meet at Utica September 23. It is to be composed of three delegates from each Assembly District.

An accident on the Pennsylvania Railroad, near Trenton, August 15, killed four persons and injured nineteen.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Madrid *Imparcial* announces the formal recognition of the Spanish republic by Great Britain, France, and Germany. The initiative was taken by Germany. Russia is said to hesitate, lest the recognition should strengthen the cause of republicanism in Europe.

Through the exertions of the American consul-general, an arrangement has been effected with the Havana Post-office authorities by which the mails for the United States will for the present be made up in the consulate. This arrangement gives great satisfaction to merchants.

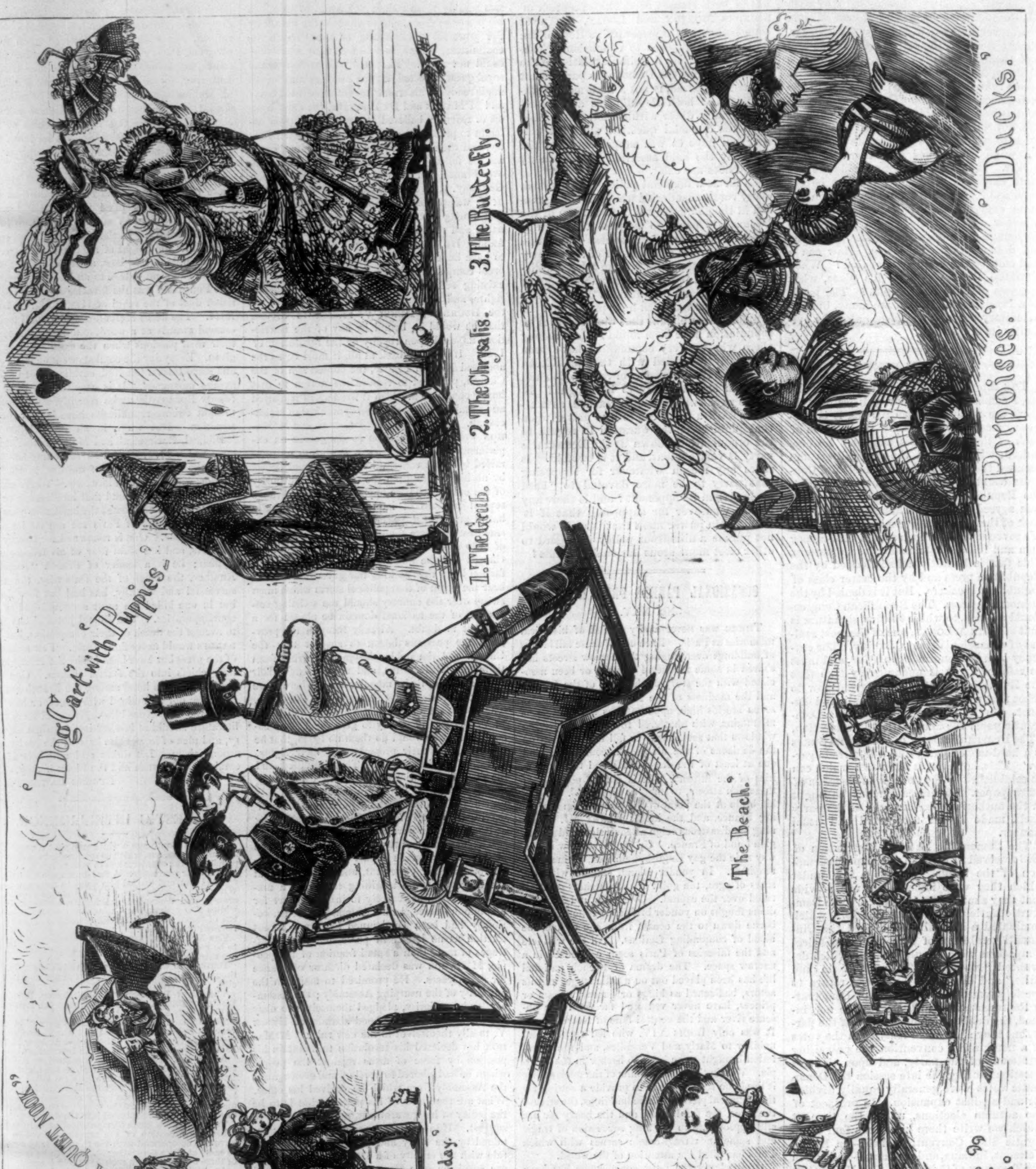
A body of Mennonites from Russia, comprising 100 families, passed through Berlin on the 10th inst. on their way to the United States.

The most destructive fire that has occurred in Montreal for years broke out on the 9th inst. In five hours over $100,000 worth of property was destroyed.

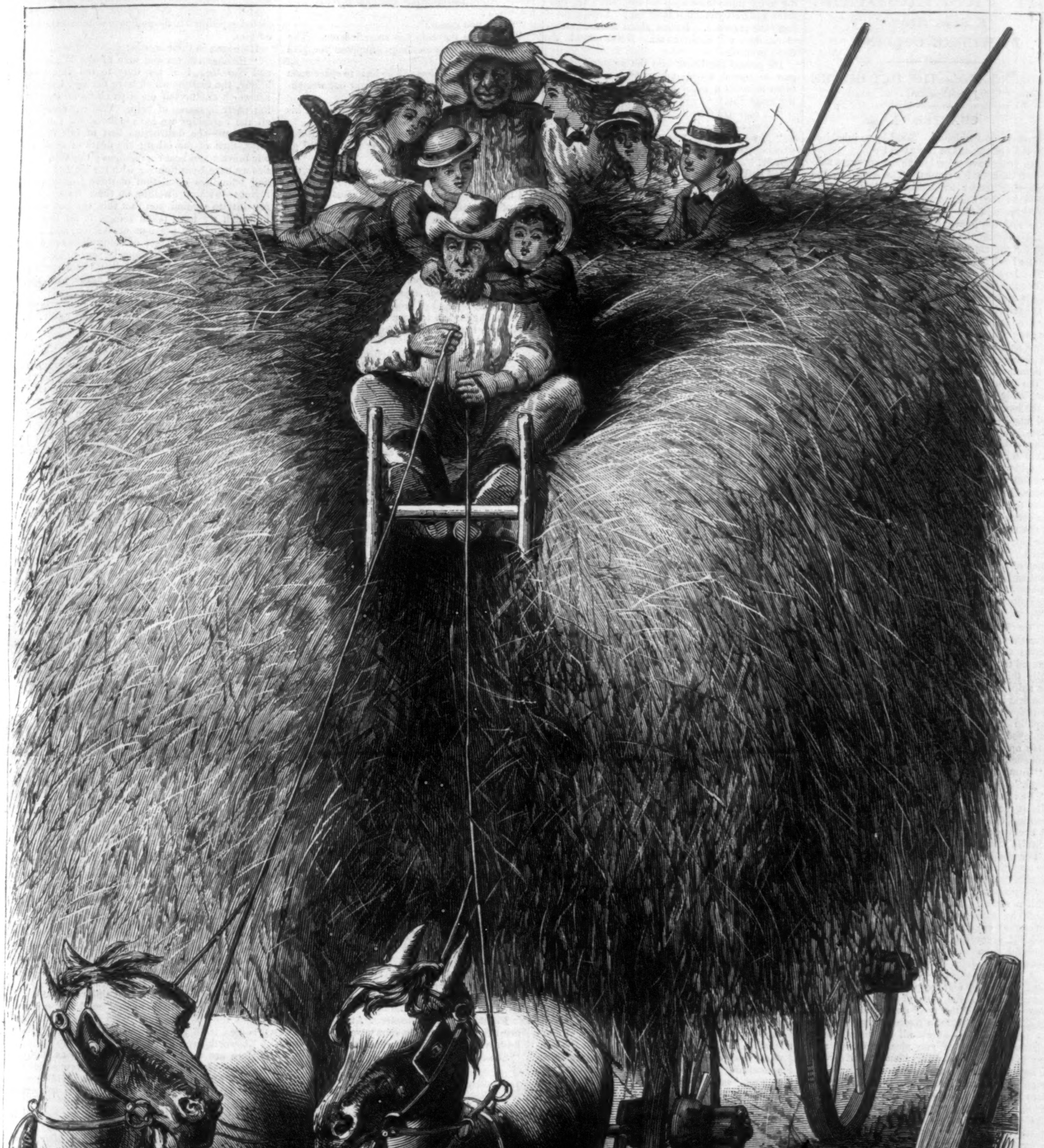
The International organization has become so strong in Italy that the authorities have taken the matter in hand with the view of crushing it. Important papers have been seized, and many arrests have been made in the principal cities. Thirty-six republican and International societies in Florence have been broken up by the police.

Marshal Bazaine escaped from the island of Sainte-Marguerite on the night of the 10th inst. He lowered himself from the wall of the fort by means of a rope, and sailed from the island in an Italian steam-yacht, disguised as a servant. Reaching Genoa, he pushed on to Brussels by way of Cologne. The plan was entirely the work of Madame Bazaine.

The French government is still following up the Communists, eighty of whom have been arrested in Marseilles. Among them are M. Esquiros, an ex-prefect of the department.



SEA-SIDE SKETCHES.



ON A LOAD OF HAY—"NOW, THEN, CHILDREN, HOLD ON!"

THE FROZEN DEEP.

A Short Story.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

SECOND SCENE.—THE HUT OF THE "SEA-MEW."

CHAPTER VI.

GOOD-BY to England! Good-by to inhabited and civilized regions of the earth!

Two years have passed since the voyagers sailed from their native shores. The enterprise has failed—the Arctic Expedition is lost and ice-locked in the Polar wastes. The good ships *Wanderer* and *Sea-Mew*, entombed in ice, will never ride the buoyant waters more. Stripped of their lighter timbers, both vessels have been used for the construction of huts erected on the nearest land.

The largest of the two buildings which now shelter the lost men is occupied by the surviving officers and crew of the *Sea-Mew*. On one side of the principal room are the sleeping-berths and the fire-place. The other side discloses a broad doorway (closed by a canvas screen), which serves as a means of communication with an inner apartment, devoted to the superior officers. A hammock is slung to the rough raftered roof of the main room, as an extra bed. A man, completely hidden by his bedclothes, is sleeping in the hammock. By the fireside there is a second man—supposed to be on the watch—fast asleep, poor wretch! at the present moment. Behind the sleeper stands an old cask, which serves for a table. The objects at present on the table are a pestle and mortar, and a saucepan full of the dry bones of animals—in plain words, the dinner for the day. By way of ornament to the dull brown walls, icicles appear in the crevices of the timber, gleaming at intervals in the red fire-light. No wind whistles outside the lonely dwelling—no cry of bird or beast is heard. In-doors and out-of-doors the awful silence of the Polar desert reigns, for the moment, undisturbed.

CHAPTER VII.

THE first sound that broke the silence came from the inner apartment. An officer lifted the canvas screen in the hut of the *Sea-Mew*, and entered the main room. Cold and privation had sadly thinned the ranks. The commander of the ship, Captain Ebsworth, was dangerously ill. The first lieutenant was dead. An officer of the *Wanderer* filled their places for the time, with Captain Helding's permission. The officer so employed was—Lieutenant Crayford.

He approached the man at the fireside, and awakened him.

"Jump up, Bateson! It's your turn to be relieved."

The relief appeared, rising from a heap of old sails at the back of the hut. Bateson vanished, yawning, to his bed. Lieutenant Crayford walked backward and forward briskly, trying what exercise would do toward warming his blood.

The pestle and mortar on the cask attracted his attention. He stopped and looked up at the man in the hammock.

"I must rouse the cook," he said to himself, with a smile. "That fellow little thinks how useful he is in keeping up my spirits. The most inveterate croaker and grumbler in the world, and yet, according to his own account, the only cheerful man in the whole ship's company. John Want! John Want! Rouse up, there!"

A head rose slowly out of the bedclothes, covered with a red night-cap. A melancholy nose rested itself on the edge of the hammock. A voice worthy of the nose expressed its opinion of the Arctic climate in these words:

"Lord! Lord! here's all my breath on my blanket. Icicles, if you please, Sir, all round my mouth and all over my blanket. Every time I have snored I've frozen something. When a man gets the cold into him to that extent that he ices his own bed, it can't last much longer. Never mind! *I* don't grumble."

Crayford tapped the saucepan of bones impatiently. John Want lowered himself to the floor—grumbling all the way—by a rope attached to the rafters at his bed head. Instead of approaching his superior officer and his saucepan, he hobbled, shivering, to the fire-place, and held his chin as close as he possibly could over the fire. Crayford looked after him.

"Hullo! what are you doing there?"

"Thawing my beard, Sir."

"Come here directly, and set to work on these bones."

John Want remained immovably attached to the fire-place, holding something else over the fire. Crayford began to lose his temper.

"What the devil are you about now?"

"Thawing my watch, Sir. It's been under my pillow all night, and the cold has stopped it. Cheerful, wholesome, bracing sort of climate to live in, isn't it, Sir? Never mind! *I* don't grumble."

"No, we all know that. Look here! Are these bones pounded small enough?"

John Want suddenly approached the lieutenant, and looked at him with an appearance of the deepest interest.

"You'll excuse me, Sir," he said; "how very hollow your voice sounds this morning!"

"Never mind my voice. The bones! the bones!"

"Yes, Sir—the bones. They'll take a trifle more pounding. I'll do my best with them, Sir, for your sake."

"What do you mean?"

John Want shook his head, and looked at Crayford with a dreary smile.

"I don't think I shall have the honor of making much more bone soup for you, Sir. Do you think yourself you'll last long, Sir? I don't, saving your presence. I think about another week or ten days will do for us all. Never mind! *I* don't grumble."

He poured the bones into the mortar and began to pound them—under protest. At the same moment a sailor appeared, entering from the inner hut.

"A message from Captain Ebsworth, Sir."

"Well?"

"The captain is worse than ever with his freezing pains, Sir. He wants to see you immediately."

"I will go at once. Rouse the doctor."

Answering in those terms, Crayford returned to the inner hut, followed by the sailor. John Want shook his head again, and smiled more drearily than ever.

"Rouse the doctor?" he repeated. "Suppose the doctor should be frozen? He hadn't a ha'porth of warmth in him last night, and his voice sounded like a whisper in a speaking-trumpet. Will the bones do now? Yes, the bones will do now. Into the saucepan with you," cried John Want, suiting the action to the word, "and flavor the hot water, if you can! When I remember that I was once an apprentice at a pastry-cook's—when I think of the gallons of turtle soup that this hand has stirred up in a jolly hot kitchen—and when I find myself mixing bones and hot water for soup, and turning into ice as fast as I can, if I wasn't of a cheerful disposition I should feel inclined to grumble. John Want! John Want! whatever had you done with your natural senses when you made up your mind to go to sea?"

A new voice hailed the cook, speaking from one of the bed-places in the side of the hut. It was the voice of Francis Aldersley.

"Who's that croaking over the fire?"

"Croaking?" repeated John Want, with the air of a man who considered himself the object of a gratuitous insult. "Croaking? You don't find your own voice at all altered for the worse, do you, Mr. Frank? I don't give *him*," John proceeded, speaking confidentially to himself, "more than six hours to last. He's one of your grumblers."

"What are you doing there?" asked Frank.

"I'm making bone soup, Sir, and wondering why I ever went to sea."

"Well, and why did you go to sea?"

"I'm not certain, Mr. Frank. Sometimes I think it was natural perversity; sometimes I think it was false pride at getting over seasickness; sometimes I think it was reading *Robinson Crusoe*, and books warning of me *not* to go to sea."

Frank laughed. "You're an odd fellow. What do you mean by false pride at getting over seasickness? Did you get over seasickness in some new way?"

[John Want's dismal face brightened in spite of himself. Frank had recalled to the cook's memory one of the noteworthy passages in the cook's life.]

"That's it, Sir!" he said. "If ever a man cured seasickness in a new way yet, I am that man—I got over it, Mr. Frank, by dint of hard eating. I was a passenger on board a packet-boat, Sir, when first I saw blue water. A nasty lopp of a sea came on at dinner-time, and I began to feel queer the moment the soup was put on the table. 'Sick?' says the captain. 'Rather, Sir,' says I. 'Will you try my cure?' says the captain. 'Certainly, Sir,' says I. 'Is your heart in your mouth yet?' says the captain. 'Not quite, Sir,' says I. 'Mock-turtle soup?' says the captain, and helps me. I swallow a couple of spoonfuls, and turn as white as a sheet. The captain cocks his eye at me. 'Go on deck, Sir,' says he, 'get rid of the soup, and then come back to the cabin.' I got rid of the soup and came back to the cabin. 'Cod's head and shoulders,' says the captain, and helps me. 'I can't stand it, Sir,' says I. 'You must,' says the captain, 'because it's the cure.' I crammed down a mouthful and turned paler than ever. 'Go on deck,' says the captain, 'get rid of the cod's head, and come back to the cabin.' Off I go, and back I come. 'Boiled leg of mutton and trimmings,' says the captain, and helps me. 'No fat, Sir,' says I. 'Fat's the cure,' says the captain, and makes me eat it. 'Lean's the cure,' says the captain, and makes me eat it. 'Steady?' says the captain. 'Sick,' says I. 'Go on deck,' says the captain, 'get rid of the boiled leg of mutton and trimmings, and come back to the cabin.' Off I go, staggering—back I come, more dead than alive. 'Deviled kidneys,' says the captain. I shut my eyes, and got 'em down. 'Cure's beginning,' says the captain. 'Mutton-chop and pickles.' I shut my eyes, and got *them* down. 'Broiled ham and Cayenne pepper,' says the captain. 'Glass of stout and cranberry tart. Want to go on deck again?' 'No, Sir,' says I. 'Cure's done,' says the captain. 'Never you give in to your stomach, and your stomach will end in giving in to *you*.'"

Having stated the moral purpose of his story in those unanswerable words, John Want took himself and his saucepan into the kitchen. A moment later Crayford returned to the hut, and astonished Frank Aldersley by an unexpected question.

"Have you any thing in your berth, Frank, that you set a value on?"

Frank looked puzzled.

"Nothing that I set the smallest value on—when I am out of it," he replied. "What does your question mean?"

"We are almost as short of fuel as we are of provisions," Crayford proceeded. "Your berth will make good firing. I have directed Bateson to be here in ten minutes with his axe."

"Very attentive and considerate on your part," said Frank. "What is to become of me, if you please, when Bateson has chopped my bed into fire-wood?"

"Can't you guess?"

"I suppose the cold has stupefied me. The riddle is beyond my reading. Suppose you give me a hint?"

"Certainly. There will be beds to spare soon—there is to be a change at last in our wretched lives here. Do you see it now?"

Frank's eyes sparkled. He sprang out of his berth, and waved his fur cap in triumph.

"See it?" he exclaimed: "of course I do! The exploring party is to start at last. Do I go with the expedition?"

"It is not very long since you were in the doctor's hands, Frank," said Crayford, kindly. "I doubt if you are strong enough yet to make one of the exploring party."

"Strong enough or not," returned Frank, "any risk is better than pining and perishing here. Put me down, Crayford, among those who volunteer to go."

"Volunteers will not be accepted in this case," said Crayford. "Captain Helding and Captain Ebsworth see serious objections, as we are situated, to that method of proceeding."

"Do they mean to keep the appointments in their own hands?" asked Frank. "I, for one, object to that."

"Wait a little," said Crayford. "You were playing backgammon the other day with one of the officers. Does the board belong to him or to you?"

"It belongs to me. I have got it in my locker here. What do you want with it?"

"I want the dice and the box for casting lots. The captains have arranged—most wisely, as I think—that Chance shall decide among us who goes with the expedition, and who stays behind in the huts. The officers and crew of the *Wanderer* will be here in a few minutes to cast the lots. Neither you nor any one can object to that way of deciding among us. Officers and men alike take their chance together. Nobody can grumble."

"I am quite satisfied," said Frank. "But I know of one man among the officers who is sure to make objections."

"Who is the man?"

"You know him well enough too. The 'Bear of the Expedition,' Richard Wardour."

"Frank, Frank, you have a bad habit of letting your tongue run away with you! Don't repeat that stupid nickname when you talk of my good friend Richard Wardour."

"Your good friend? Crayford, your liking for that man amazes me!"

Crayford laid his hand kindly on Frank's shoulder. Of all the officers of the *Sea-Mew*, Crayford's favorite was Frank.

"Why should it amaze you?" he asked. "What opportunities have *you* had of judging? You and Wardour have always belonged to different ships. I have never seen you in Wardour's society for five minutes together. How can *you* form a fair estimate of his character?"

"I take the general estimate of his character," Frank answered. "He has got his nickname because he is the most unpopular man in his ship. Nobody likes him—there must be some reason for that."

"There is only one reason for it," Crayford rejoined. "Nobody understands Richard Wardour. I am not talking at random. Remember, I sailed from England with him in the *Wanderer;* and I was only transferred to the *Sea-Mew* long after we were locked up in the ice. I was Richard Wardour's companion on board ship for months, and I learned there to do him justice. Under all his outward defects, I tell you there beats a great and generous heart. Suspend your opinion, my lad, until you know my friend as well as I do. No more of this now. Give me the dice and the box."

Frank opened his locker. At the same moment the silence of the snowy waste outside was broken by a shouting of voices hailing the hut—"*Sea-Mew*, ahoy!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE sailor on watch opened the outer door. There, plodding over the ghastly white snow, were the officers of the *Wanderer* approaching the hut. There, scattered under the merciless black sky, were the crew, with the dogs and the sledges, waiting the word which was to start them on their perilous and doubtful journey.

Captain Helding of the *Wanderer*, accompanied by his officers, entered the hut—in high spirits at the prospect of a change. Behind them, lounging in slowly by himself, was a dark, sullen, heavy-browed man. He neither spoke nor offered his hand to any body: he was the one person present who seemed to be perfectly indifferent to the fate in store for him. This was the man whom his brother officers had nicknamed the Bear of the Expedition. In other words, Richard Wardour.

Crayford advanced to welcome Captain Helding. Frank, remembering the friendly reproof which he had just received, passed over the other officers of the *Wanderer*, and made a special effort to be civil to Crayford's friend.

"Good-morning, Mr. Wardour," he said. "We may congratulate each other on the chance of leaving this horrible place."

"*You* may think it horrible," Wardour retorted. "I like it."

"Like it? Good Heavens! why?"

"Because there are no women here."

Frank turned to his brother officers, without making any further advances in the direction of Richard Wardour. The Bear of the Expedition was more unapproachable than ever.

In the mean time the hut had become thronged by the able-bodied officers and men of the two ships. Captain Helding, standing in the midst of them, with Crayford by his side, proceeded to explain the purpose of the contemplated expedition to the audience which surrounded him.

He began in these words:

"Brother officers and men of the *Wanderer* and *Sea-Mew*, it is my duty to tell you, very briefly, the reasons which have decided Captain Ebsworth and myself on dispatching an exploring party in search of help. Without recalling all the hardships we have suffered for the last two years—the destruction first of one of our ships, then of the other; the death of some of our bravest and best companions; the vain battles we have been fighting with the ice and snow and boundless desolation of these inhospitable regions—without dwelling on these things, it is my duty to remind you that this, the last place in which we have taken refuge, is far beyond the track of any previous expedition, and that consequently our chance of being discovered by any rescuing parties that may be sent to look after us is, to say the least of it, a chance of the most uncertain kind. You all agree with me, gentlemen, so far?"

The officers (with the exception of Wardour, who stood apart in sullen silence) all agreed so far.

The captain went on:

"It is therefore urgently necessary that we should make another, and probably a last, effort to extricate ourselves. The winter is not far off, game is getting scarcer and scarcer, our stock of provisions is running low, and the sick—especially, I am sorry to say, the sick in the *Wanderer's* hut—are increasing in number day by day. We must look to our own lives, and to the lives of those who are dependent on us; and we have no time to lose."

The officers echoed the words cheerfully.

"Right! right! No time to lose."

Captain Helding resumed:

"The plan proposed is that a detachment of the able-bodied officers and men among us should set forth this very day, and make another effort to reach the nearest inhabited settlements, from which help and provisions may be dispatched to those who remain here. The new direction to be taken, and the various precautions to be adopted, are all drawn out ready. The only question now before us is, Who is to stop here, and who is to undertake the journey?"

The officers answered the question with one accord—"Volunteers!"

The men echoed their officers. "Ay, ay, volunteers."

Wardour still preserved his sullen silence. Crayford noticed him, standing apart from the rest, and appealed to him personally.

"Do you say nothing?" he asked.

"Nothing," Wardour answered. "Go or stay, it's all one to me."

"I hope you don't really mean that?" said Crayford.

"I do."

"I am sorry to hear it, Wardour."

Captain Helding answered the general suggestion in favor of volunteering by a question which instantly checked the rising enthusiasm of the meeting.

"Well," he said, "suppose we say volunteers. Who volunteers to stop in the huts?"

There was a dead silence. The officers and men looked at each other confusedly. The captain continued:

"You see we can't settle it by volunteering. You all want to go. Every man among us who has the use of his limbs naturally wants to go. But what is to become of those who have *not* got the use of their limbs? Some of us must stay here and take care of the sick."

Every body admitted that this was true.

"So we get back again," said the captain, "to the old question, Who among the able-bodied is to go, and who is to stay? Captain Ebsworth says, and I say, let chance decide it. Here are dice. The numbers run as high as twelve—double sixes. All who throw under six stay; all who throw over six go. Officers of the *Wanderer* and the *Sea-Mew*, do you agree to that way of meeting the difficulty?"

All the officers agreed—with the one exception of Wardour, who still kept silence.

"Men of the *Wanderer* and *Sea-Mew*, your officers agree to cast lots. Do you agree too?"

The men agreed without a dissentient voice. Crayford handed the box and the dice to Captain Helding.

"You throw first, Sir. Under six, 'Stay.' Over six, 'Go.'"

Captain Helding cast the dice, the top of the cask serving for a table. He threw Seven.

"Go," said Crayford. "I congratulate you, Sir. Now for my own chance." He cast the dice in his turn. Three! "Stay! Ah, well, well! if I can do my duty, and be of use to others, what does it matter whether I go or stay? Wardour, you are next, in the absence of your first lieutenant."

Wardour prepared to cast, without shaking the dice.

"Shake the box, man!" cried Crayford. "Give yourself a chance of luck!"

Wardour persisted in letting the dice fall out carelessly, just as they lay in the box.

"Not I!" he muttered to himself. "I've done with luck." Saying those words, he threw down the empty box, and seated himself on the nearest chest, without looking to see how the dice had fallen.

Crayford examined them. "Six!" he exclaimed. "There! you have a second chance, in spite of yourself. You are neither under nor over; you throw again."

"Bah!" growled the Bear. "It's not worth the trouble of getting up for. Somebody else

throw for me." He suddenly looked at Frank. "You! you have got what the women call a lucky face."

Frank appealed to Crayford. "Shall I?"

"Yes, if he wishes it," said Crayford.

Frank cast the dice. "Two! He stays! Wardour, I am sorry I have thrown against you."

"Go or stay," reiterated Wardour, "it's all one to me. You will be luckier, young one, when you cast for yourself."

Frank cast for himself.

"Eight. Hurrah! I go!"

"What did I tell you?" said Wardour. "The chance was yours. You have thriven on my ill luck."

He rose, as he spoke, to leave the hut. Crayford stopped him.

"Have you any thing particular to do, Richard?"

"What has any body to do here?"

"Wait a little, then. I want to speak to you when this business is over."

"Are you going to give me any more good advice?"

"Don't look at me in that sour way, Richard. I am going to ask you a question about something which concerns yourself."

Wardour yielded without a word more. He returned to his chest, and cynically composed himself to slumber. The casting of the lots went on rapidly among the officers and men. In another half hour chance had decided the question of "Go" or "Stay" for all alike. The men left the hut. The officers entered the inner apartment for a last conference with the bed-ridden captain of the *Sea-Mew*. Wardour and Crayford were left together, alone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERSONAL.

BISHOP WHITEHOUSE, of Illinois, who died in Chicago on the 10th inst., was one of the ablest and best-known bishops of the Episcopal Church. In as high degree as is possible in this country he realized the idea of the prelate. He was a man of fine attainments, courtly address, accustomed all his life to cultivated society, an eloquent preacher, a wise administrator, and a man of fortune. It was the hope of the friends of Bishop WHITEHOUSE, on the erection of the diocese of Western New York in 1838, that he would be its first bishop, but this hope was not realized. The Low-Church party, with which Bishop W. was then identified, voted for the late Bishop EASTBURN, not, however, with success, for Bishop DE LANCEY was elected, and administered the diocese with great success during the twenty-six years of his episcopate. Bishop WHITEHOUSE, at his death, stood tenth on the roll of bishops.

—J. PROCTOR KNOTT is again a candidate for Congress from the Fourth District of Kentucky. He is one of the brightest and wittiest men of the day, and sent a ring of hearty laughter throughout the country by his inimitable speech upon Duluth. Such men are not only valuable for their power of lampooning and laughing questionable measures out of Congress, but for the ability, as an eminent English judge once said, of "relieving the tedium of legislative proceedings by a little honest hilarity." Mr. KNOTT is not merely a humorist; he is an industrious, capable, and successful lawyer, and a very estimable gentleman.

—Mr. WALTER, the principal proprietor of the London *Times*, is reported to have made a speech of great vigor in Parliament on the Public Worship Regulation Bill, and to have been highly complimented by Mr. DISRAELI. Mr. WALTER said that "he had been brought up in what was called the High-Church school, and had read a great deal of theology on that side of the question." His argument gave evidence in every part of entire familiarity with theological discussion. He closed the speech by saying that in his opinion the people of England "would infinitely prefer to see the Church disestablished than these [ritualistic] doctrines authorized and sanctioned."

—Professor PARSONS, of Pennsylvania, a gentleman of note among the Lutherans, has been appointed by the Japanese government to an important position in the Department of Education, and will depart forthwith.

—Earl DUNRAVEN has bought 6000 acres of Este's Park, Colorado, and purposes improving it by keeping the game and fish from too rapid destruction, and by erecting buildings for tourists.

—The London *Athenæum* in its last issue proposes to publish in its next, by the courtesy of Mr. H. BRIGHT, some letters of BURNS that have not before been published.

—Mr. JAMES M'HENRY, who for the past few years has been so prominently connected with the affairs of the Erie Railway Company, has caused to be printed, at his own expense, a magnificent edition of the works of the late SHERIDAN KNOWLES. The edition consists of his dramas, tales, lectures, and life by his son RICHARD BRINSLEY KNOWLES. It is in six volumes, quarto, on fine paper, and only twenty-five copies are printed.

—Riches avail not. Señor DE LA PORTILLA, the head of one of the oldest and wealthiest untitled families in Mexico, died at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on the 5th inst., after an illness of five days. He was on his way to Europe, but now lies in that growing young city of the dead, Calvary Cemetery.

—The first organ built in America was made by EDWARD BROMFIELD, of Boston, who died August 18, 1756. The fact is stated on his tombstone in King's Chapel burial-ground.

—Dr. JOHN EDWARD GAY, having completed his fiftieth year of service as keeper of the zoological department in the British Museum, proposes to resign. He has gone almost from gay to grave.

—Mr. MURAT HALSTEAD while in London wrote to his Cincinnati *Commercial* a description of a Sunday morning service in Westminster Abbey, in which occurs the following allusion to the difference between English and American journalism: "Sunday last Dean STANLEY preached a very carefully prepared sermon. It was a magnificent appeal to the nation in behalf of the Church. Half a dozen members of the royal family were present. If the sermon had been delivered in the United States it would have been generally published, and it is not unlikely that it would have been mutilated throughout the land by telegraph. I have not seen any notice of the sermon in the English papers."

—The popular raid in England on the racing gamblers has found its way to the upper ten. The Duke of Richmond, it is said, has determined to abolish betting during the Goodwood meeting as far as he can, and that in order to carry out this resolve he has determined not to permit the assemblage of professional betting men, nor even to allow the establishment of the customary TATTERSALL'S ring. It is to be feared, however, that the sportive Englishman will manage to evade the virtuous intentions of the duke. The English are so deceitful on the horse question—like other peoples. Folks will take chances. We all remember the sharp little "corner in venison" between JACOB and ESAU—an operation that would have been worthy of the late Chicago "corner in oats;" and one may be sure that the Englishman who has once betted upon the uncertainties of equine manœuvres will do it again if he can, duke or no duke.

—Mr. FAWCETT, the blind member of Parliament, is proving himself in many ways a remarkable man. He is as full of healthy animal life and spirits as a school-boy, delights in all manly exercises, goes fishing, skates, and does many sportful things, and he makes notably good speeches. He is now forty-four years old. Sixteen years ago, when out shooting, he was by an accident totally deprived of sight. Four years later he was elected Professor of Political Economy in the University of Cambridge. For nine years past he has been an active member of the House of Commons, and at the same time usually has in hand some work of a literary or scientific character.

—On the 17th of July the Non-conformists of Southampton, England, celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dr. ISAAC WATTS, who was a native of that town. It is proposed to build memorial schools at a cost of $25,000, half of which is already contributed. Dr. ISAAC WATTS was the most fortunate of literary men and preachers in one respect: he was invited to spend a week at the country-house of Sir THOMAS ABNEY, Lord Mayor of London; the visit lasted ten years, until Sir THOMAS died, and was continued with the mother and daughters twenty-six years more. Very pleasant and very inexpensive.

—The editor of the *Church Journal* has been on an excursion to Nova Scotia, and among the clerical brethren he encountered was one, a clergyman of the Church of England, who is not only a very zealous pastor, but an expert in all athletic sports. Fully dressed, he will plunge into the waves, swim about, and divest himself, while under water, of every particle of clothing, and then dress himself completely again. This clergyman has at different times *saved thirteen persons from drowning.*

—The examination of COGGIA'S comet by Padre SECCHI, by means of the spectroscope, proves that its rays consist mainly of light emitted by carbon or an oxide of carbon. M. L'Abbé MOIGNO causes a smile as we read, in *Les Mondes* of July 9, his account of this investigation, and his exclamation, "Une comète ne serait-elle qu'un gigantesque diamant volatilisé?"

—According to Mr. NELSON, our late minister to Mexico, the Emperor MAXIMILIAN was hardly the full man the public have been taught to believe him. Mr. NELSON says "he had not one single quality of mind or character that fitted him to govern the Mexican people, or to engage in so large an undertaking as that of the founding an empire on the ruins of a republic. Vain, vacillating, and shallow, he was wholly destitute of common-sense, and never seriously considered the duties and obligations of his exalted position. When the life of the empire was suspended by a thread, he found time to chase butterflies, study heraldry, devise coats of arms for the newly fledged nobility, and produce volumes on court etiquette."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE *Academy* informs us that Mr. FOREST was about leaving Champion Bay, in Australia, in the direction of Mount Luke, with the special object of tracing the Murchison River to its source, for the purpose of carrying a telegraph line along its banks. Should he be successful in his operations, he will open to our knowledge not less than 100,000,000 acres hitherto untrodden by white men, and aid in solving the problem of what lies beyond the water-shed of the Murchison.

Dr. ZITTEL, of ROHLF'S Libyan expedition, describes the results of the undertaking as of much scientific interest, even though their practical value is not so great as was hoped. One result arrived at is that the Libyan Desert is the most sterile and barren part of the entire Sahara, and that the irrigation and colonization of the true desert are alike impossible, and that the permanent occupation of the oases is not possible, on account of their isolated position. Determinations of the degree of humidity and the quantity of ozone in the atmosphere were made with great regularity. Minute researches were prosecuted in regard to the flora and fauna and the geology of the region. In the last branch it was ascertained that the desert, instead of having one uniform cover of nummulites, lime, and sand, was found to consist of chalk, eocene and miocene formations, with an abundance of well-preserved fossil remains. Numerous photographs of the scenery, animals, etc., were taken on the expedition.

Dr. BURMEISTER, director of the Natural History Museum at Buenos Ayres, has been nominated as director of the Natural History and Physical Faculty of Cordova.

Rev. R. T. LOWE, an eminent and well-known naturalist, recently lost his life by the wreck of the steam-ship *Liberia*.

The *Academy* finds in the correspondence of a Russian traveler the announcement of the intention of the Russian government to dispatch two scientific expeditions, one to the Kemi district and to Russian Lapland, with the object of making a study of the geology of the region and examining the traces of ancient glaciers; and the other to the shores of the White Sea, for the purpose of making zoological researches. Much interest attaches to these operations, for Dr. YAZKINSKY, who for the last two years has been at work in these parts, has discovered a great many specimens of fish and crustacea of an entirely new character.

The first party of the English transit expedition left Woolwich on the 23d of May on the government transport *Elizabeth Martin*. Her stores include astronomical and photographic apparatus to the extent of about one hundred and fifty tons measurement. The stations to be occupied by the gentlemen in this vessel are Rodriguez and two points in Kerguelen Land. Of the Rodriguez party Lieutenant NEATE is chief astronomer, and Lieutenant HOGGAN one of his assistants. Lieutenant GOODRIDGE will be at Christmas Harbor, Kerguelen Land, and Mr. J. B. SMITH, astronomer and photographer, at the same station. Lieutenant CORBETT is to be chief astronomer at the second station on the same island.

An International Botanical Congress was held at Florence on the 15th of May, under the presidency of Dr. HOOKER. Vice-presidents were elected for various countries in Europe. There does not appear to have been any representative from America. Papers were read on the philloxera and its relationship to the vine. Several other subjects of more or less interest were also presented. It is proposed to hold the Congress for the next year in London.

The third session of the French Association for the Advancement of Science will be held at Lille from the 20th to the 27th of August, 1874.

A monument in honor of the late Professor SEDGWICK, of Cambridge, the eminent geologist and paleontologist, is about being erected in the form of a memorial geological museum, for which £10,000 have already been subscribed.

A reward of £100 has been offered to any person who will bring home any news of the Austro-Hungarian arctic expedition. It will be remembered that the steamer *Tegethoff*, with this expedition on board, was last seen to the northwest of Nova Zembla, in about latitude 76° N., on the 21st of August, 1872, when Count WILCZEK parted company with them and sailed southward in his yacht *Isbjorn*.

The sixth annual report on the noxious, beneficial, and other insects in the State of Missouri, by Mr. CHARLES V. RILEY, State Entomologist, has just been published as a State document, and like its predecessors contains a large amount of information of a direct practical bearing upon the agricultural interests of Missouri and the country generally. It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. RILEY is one of our most accomplished practical entomologists, and that his researches have been of the utmost service to the country. It is to him more than to any one else that we owe a knowledge of the history and transformations of the grape-vine louse, *Philloxera vastatrix*, a subject into which he is still zealously inquiring.

The present volume embraces three divisions: first, upon noxious insects; second, those that are beneficial; and third, those that have no direct influence of either kind. As might be supposed, among the noxious insects special prominence is given to the philloxera, as also to the Colorado potato beetle, the rapid advance of which to the East is so ominous. The possibility of its introduction into Europe, and consequent destruction of the potato crop there, has awakened alarm, and led to the consideration of the question by the highest authorities.

The work is profusely illustrated with excellent wood-cuts, and is in every respect of tables, indexes, typography, etc., all that could be desired.

An important communication has lately been made by Professor WYVILLE THOMSON, chief of the scientific force of the *Challenger*, to Admiral RICHARDS, of the British Hydrographic Service. This was written from Melbourne on the 17th of March, and contains later details in regard to the discoveries of the *Challenger* than have heretofore been announced. After leaving the Cape of Good Hope, about Christmas-time, nineteen principal stations had been visited up to the time of writing, including Marine Island, the neighborhood of the Crozets, Kerguelen Land, and the Heard group. The dredgings made just after leaving the Cape revealed an abundance of animal life, with the interesting fact that the general character of the fauna was very similar to that of the North Atlantic, many of the species even being identical with those on the coast of Great Britain and Norway.

The use of the trawl at a depth of 1600 fathoms, between Prince Edward's Island and the Crozets, yielded a large number of marine objects. Among them were the sponges *Euplectella* and *Hyalonema*, and two entirely new genera of stalked crinoids, some remarkable crustaceans, etc. Off Christmas Harbor, in Kerguelen Land, the trawl brought up large cup sponges of the genus *Rossella*.

The most southern station was made on the 14th of February in latitude 65° 42′ S., longitude 79° 49′ E. Here, at the depth of 1675 fathoms, the trawl brought up the usual variety of animals. A large number of the species collected were entirely new to science.

The most striking result obtained during this section of the expedition was the discovery that whenever the sea-bottom contained globigerina ooze and the red clay produced by the decomposition of foraminifera shells, there the seas above it abounded in living *globigerinæ*, *pulvinulinæ*, and *orbulinæ*, as shown by the use of the towing net down to 150 fathoms. Professor THOMSON was therefore led to the conclusion, quite contrary to a previous impression, that the bulk of the materials at the bottom is in all cases derived from the surface. He, however, admits the existence of other forms of foraminifera as living organisms in the bottom mud, but in comparatively small numbers. He further remarks that the difference between the living and free-floating *globigerinæ* and their shells at the bottom is so great as to add to the certainty that the latter are dead, although frequently containing organic matter.

A serious inconvenience experienced during these researches in the antarctic regions was the severity of the weather, the instruments being so cold that it was unpleasant to handle them, and the vapor of the breath condensing and freezing at once upon the glass and brass work.

As the result of the investigations relative to the percentage of carbonic acid in the water, it was found that the smallest amount occurred at the surface of the water near Kerguelen Land, and the largest amount was found in the bottom water close to the antarctic ice.

FREEDOM, JUBILEE, AND PARDON.

ACCORDING to statistics given by the Charleston *News*, the number of pardons granted by Governor MOSES, of South Carolina, from December 12, 1872, to July 22, 1874, a period of only nineteen months, was four hundred and twenty-one, an average of about twenty-two a month. The offenses of which the parties pardoned were convicted are shown in the following table:

Murder	21
Manslaughter	25
Rape	16
Infanticide	5
Burglary	33
Forgery	4
Arson	24
Highway robbery	3
Perjury	4
Larceny	110
Bigamy	6
Assault and battery	107
Horse and mule stealing	6
Libel	1
Kidnaping	1
Abduction	1
Trespass	4
Miscellaneous	38
Official misconduct and malfeasance in office	12
Total	421

This list, says the *News*, is exclusive of twenty-five or thirty criminals who were discharged in a batch, and of whose pardon there is no record. These details, obtained by the *News* from the office of the South Carolina Secretary of State, furnish a startling *exposé* of the abuse of the pardoning power in that State. It is the general belief that the Governor is working for his "second term." The negroes have great confidence in him, because, as the *Nation* well puts it, they believe "that GRANT stands by him, and that he represents freedom, jubilee, and the pardoning power."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE attachment of some ladies to their lap-dogs amounts, in some instances, to infatuation. An ill-tempered lap-dog biting a piece out of a male visitor's leg, his mistress thus expressed her compassion: "Poor little dear creature! I hope it will not make him sick!"

Types continue to cut up antics, even in well-regulated offices, we infer from seeing John Brown announced as "a linseed preacher."

During the long French war two old ladies in Stranraer were going to the kirk; the one said to the other, "Was it no a wonderfu' thing that the Breetish were aye victorious ower the French in battle?" "Not a bit," said the other old lady; "dinna ye ken the Breetish aye say their prayers before gaun into battle?" The other replied, "But canna the French say their prayers as weel?" The reply was most characteristic: "Hoot! jabbering bodies, wha could understan' them?"

When a man nearly breaks his neck trying to get out of the way of a "lightning-bug," supposing it to be the head-light of a locomotive, it is time for him to sign the pledge.

A man was brought before Lord Mansfield charged with stealing a silver ladle, and the counsel for the crown was rather severe upon the prisoner for being an attorney. "Come, come," said his lordship, "don't exaggerate matters."

In the year 1586 the young Constable of Castile was sent by his sovereign to felicitate Pope Sixtus V. on his exaltation to the papal throne. The pontiff, displeased that so young an embassador had been deputed to him, could not help saying, "And well, Sir, did your master want men, by sending me an embassador without a beard?" "If my sovereign had thought," replied the proud young Spaniard, "that merit consisted in a beard, he would have sent you a *goat*, and not a *gentleman*."

A female pawnbroker, hauled up for extortion, claimed immunity on the ground that she was a loan woman.

A minister in Aberdeenshire sacrificed so often and so freely to the jolly god that the Presbytery could no longer overlook his proceedings, and summoned him before them to answer for his conduct. One of his elders, and constant companion in his social hours, was cited as a witness against him. "Well, John, did you ever see the Rev. Mr. C—— the worse of drink?" "Weel, a wat no; I've mony a time seen him the better o't, but I ne'er saw him the waur o't." "But did you never see him drunk?" "That's what I'll ne'er see; for before he be half slockened, I'm aye blind fu'."

"The sun is all very well," said an Irishman, "but the moon is worth two of it; for the moon affords us light in the night-time, when we want it, whereas the sun's with us in the daytime when we have no occasion for it."

An interesting little boy, timid when left alone in a dark room, was overheard recently by his mother to say in his loneliness, "O Lord, don't let any one hurt me, and I'll go to church next Sunday, and give you some money."

We negotiated with a new washer-woman the other day. She wanted two dollars for doing the work. We said to her, "There was a woman the other day who said she would do it for a dollar and a half." "An' who was it?" she asked. We told her. "Humph," said she, with marked disdain, "*she* kin affoord to do it fur a dollar an' a half; *she* lives in an alley, but I live on a strate." We engaged her.

A little boy was asked about the story of Joseph, and if he knew what wrong his brethren did in disposing of him, when he replied, "I suppose they sold him too cheap."

Some students fixed up a ghost and placed it on the staircase of a Troy newspaper office the other night, and then retired and awaited developments. One of the editors came along, and didn't get frightened. He disrobed it, and now wears a fifteen-dollar pair of pantaloons, a ten-dollar vest, a seven-dollar pair of boots, and an eight-dollar hat, while one of the students goes about without a vest, and another roams around through the least frequented streets wearing a very ancient pair of inexpressibles.

WARWICK CAST—[SE

AST.—[See Page 718.]

WARWICK CASTLE.

This grand and imposing relic of feudal architecture, which, as our readers may remember, was greatly damaged by fire on the 4th of December, 1871, was up to that time one of the most interesting structures in England. It was not only the most ancient feudal castle in the world still occupied as a residence, but contained an invaluable collection of works of art, the loss of which can never be repaired. Our double-page illustration, engraved from a picture by Read, gives the view of the ruin from the bank of the Avon. Superb trees grow in the immediate grounds, huge chestnuts and gigantic cedars, that have sheltered the stout earls time out of mind. "The walls are gray with age," says Mr. S. C. Hall, in an interesting description of the castle; "but it is a sober livery that well suits the stronghold of the bold barons, and suggests the tranquillity of repose after the fever of battles, sieges, and deeds that can not fail to be summoned from history as one looks from the filled-up moat to the towers and battlements that still smile or frown upon the environing town they controlled or protected."

Warwick Castle and its "stout earls" have borne a conspicuous part in English history from the earliest times, and the legends connected with it are numerous as the ivy leaves that clothe its walls. In old Saxon times upon the lofty mound on which it stands was built the stronghold of Ethelfleda, and portions of the castle still standing date back to an age so remote that even tradition has lost the builder's name. Up to the time of the disastrous fire the exterior of the castle was so little changed that the modern visitor might fancy himself transported into mediæval times, and look to see the great Kingmaker and his host issue through the gateway. If dreamily inclined, he may recall the wild legends told of the "renowned Guy," the famous Earl of Warwick, who conquered the giant Danish champion Colbrand, after a terrific battle lasting from sunrise to sunset, of the same redoubtable warrior's victory over the "dun cow," and how he turned hermit, and "died a holy man" in a cell within sight of his own castle. The spot is still pointed out, and bears the name of Guy's Cliff. Before the fire many most curious relics of antiquity were stored within the castle, most of them connected with some legend or story of the grand old structure and its famous lords; and though it is still an object of great interest to the tourist, their destruction has robbed the castle of one of its chief sources of attraction.

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A STRANGE WORLD.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "To the Bitter End," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Aurora Floyd," "The Lovels of Arden," etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"GOOD-NIGHT, GOOD REST. AH! NEITHER BE MY SHARE."

Humphrey Clissold sat for some time smoking and musing by the wide old hearth—sat till the light faded outside the diamond-paned windows, and the shadows deepened within the room. He might have sat on longer had he not been surprised by the opening of a door in that angle of the hall which was sacred to age and infirmity in the person of old Mrs. Trevanard.

It was the door of her room which had opened. "Have they come back yet?" asked her feeble old voice.

"No, ma'am," answered Humphrey, "not yet. Can I do any thing for you?"

"No, Sir. It's the strange gentleman, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Clissold. Yes, ma'am. Won't you come to your old place by the fire?"

"No; I've my fire in here, thank you kindly. But the place seems lonesome when they're away. I'm not much of a one to talk myself, but I like to hear voices. The hours seem so long without them. You can come in, if you please, Sir. My room is kept pretty tidy, I believe; I should fret if I thought it wasn't."

The old woman was standing on the threshold of the door opening between the two rooms. Humphrey had risen to offer her assistance.

"Come in and sit down a bit," she said, pleased at having found some one to talk to, for it was a notorious fact at Borcel End that old Mrs. Trevanard always had a great deal more to say for herself when her daughter-in-law was out of the way than she had in the somewhat freezing presence of that admirable housewife.

Humphrey complied, and entered that room which he had observed through the half-glass door, a comfortable, homely room enough in the light of an excellent fire. Old Mrs. Trevanard required a great deal of warmth.

She went back to her arm-chair, and motioned her visitor to a seat on the other side of the hearth.

"It's very kind of you to be troubled with an old woman like me," she mumbled.

"I dare say you could tell me plenty of interesting stories about Borcel End if you were inclined, Mrs. Trevanard," said Humphrey.

"Ah, there's few houses without a history, few women of my age that haven't seen a good deal of family troubles and family secrets. The best thing an old woman of my age can do is to hold her tongue. That's what my daughter-in-law's always telling me. 'Least said soonest mended.'"

"Ah," thought Humphrey, "the dowager has been warned against being overcommunicative."

Contemplating the room more at his leisure now than he had done from outside, he perceived a picture hanging over the chimney-piece which he had not noticed before. It was a commonplace portrait enough, by some provincial limner's hand, the portrait of a young woman in a gypsy hat and flowered damask gown—a picture that was perhaps a century old.

"Is that picture over the chimney a portrait of one of your son's family, ma'am?" asked Humphrey.

"Yes. That's my husband's mother, Justina Trevanard."

Justina! The name startled him—so uncommon a name—and to find it here in the Trevanard family!

"That's a curious name," he said, "and one which recalls a person I met under peculiar circumstances. Have you had many Justinas in the Trevanard family since that day?"

"Only one."

"Is she living?"

"I don't know. I know nothing about her."

"A distant relation, I suppose?" hazarded Humphrey.

"Yes."

"I met your granddaughter in the garden the other night, Mrs. Trevanard," he said, determined to find out whether this blind woman was a friend to Muriel, "and I was grieved to see her in so sad a condition."

"Muriel? Yes, poor girl, it's very sad—sad for all of us," answered the old woman, with a sigh—"saddest of all for her father. He was so proud of that girl—spared no money to make her a lady, and now he can't bear to see her. It wounds him too deep to see such a wreck. Yet he won't have her away from the house. He likes to know that she's near him, and as well cared for as she can be—in her state."

"It must have been a great sorrow that so changed her?"

"It was more sorrow than she could bear, poor child; though others have borne harder things."

"She was crossed in love, her brother told me."

"Yes, yes—crossed in love, that was it. The young man that she loved died young, and she was told of it suddenly. The shock turned her brain. She had a fever, and every one thought she was going to die. She got the better of the illness, but her senses never came back to her. She's quite harmless, as you've seen, I dare say; but she has her fancies, and one is to think that the young man she was fond of is still alive, and that he'll keep his promise, and come back to her."

Humphrey told Mrs. Trevanard of his first night at Borcel End, and the intrusion that had shortened his slumbers.

"Ah! to think that she should have happened to find her way there that night, close as we keep her! My door is always locked, and she can't get out into the house without coming through this room; but I suppose that night I must have forgotten to take the key out of the door and put it under my pillow, as I do mostly. And the poor child went roaming about the house by moonlight. That's an old trick of hers. The room where you sleep was her room once upon a time, and she always goes there if she gets the chance. It was unlucky that it should have happened the first night of your being here!"

"She is very fond of you, I suppose?" said Humphrey, anxious to hear more of one in whom he felt a strong interest.

"Yes, I think she likes me better than any one else now."

"Better even than her own mother?"

"Why, yes; she does not get on very well with her mother; she has odd fancies about her."

"I thought as much. I have heard her speak of a child. That was a mere delusion, I conclude?"

"Yes, that was one of her fancies."

"Has Mrs. Trevanard never consulted any medical man upon the state of her daughter's mind?"

"Medical man?" repeated the old woman, dubiously. "You mean a doctor, I suppose? Yes, Dr. Mitchell, from Seacomb, has seen the poor child many a time, and given her physic for this, that, and the other, but he says her mind will never be any different. There's no use worrying about that. He gives her stuff for her appetite sometimes, for she has but a poor appetite at the best. She's sorely wasted away from the figure she was once upon a time."

"She was a very beautiful girl, I have heard from Martin."

"Yes, I never saw a handsomer girl than Muriel when she came from school. It was all along of sending her to boarding-school things went wrong."

"How do you mean?"

"Oh, dear me, Sir, you mustn't listen to my rambling talk. I'm a weak old woman, and I dare say my mind goes astray sometimes, just like Muriel's."

A light step sounded on the narrow stairs, a door in the paneling opened, and the figure Humphrey had first seen in the spectral light of the moon came toward the hearth, and crouched down at the grandmother's knees. A slender figure, dressed in a light-colored gown which looked white in the uncertain flare of the fire, a pale wan face, a mass of tangled hair.

Muriel took the old woman's withered hand, laid her hollow cheek against it, and kissed it fondly.

"Granny," she murmured, "patient, loving granny. Muriel's only friend."

Mrs. Trevanard smoothed the dark hair with her tremulous hand.

"How tangled it is, Muriel! Why won't you let me brush it, and keep it nice for you? My poor old hands can do that without the help of eyes."

"Why should it be made smooth or nice? He isn't coming back yet. See here, granny, you shall dress me the day he comes home—all in white—with myrtle in my hair, like a bride. I would have orange blossoms if I knew where to get any. There are some orange-trees up at the Manor-house. I'll ask him to bring me some. I was never dressed like a bride."

"Oh, Muriel, Muriel! so full of fancies!"

"Ah, but there are some of them real—too real. Where is the old cradle that my little brother used to sleep in?"

"I don't know, darling. In the lumber-room, perhaps."

"They should have burned it. I peeped into the lumber-room one day, and saw it in a corner—the old cradle. It set me thinking—such strange thoughts!"

She remained silent for a few minutes, still crouching at her grandmother's knees, and with her hollow eyes fixed on the low fire.

"Didn't you hear a child cry?" she asked, suddenly, looking up with a listening face, first at the old woman, then at Humphrey. "Didn't you, granny?"

"No, love. I heard nothing."

"Didn't you, then?" to Humphrey.

"No, indeed."

"Ah, you are all of you deaf. I hear that crying so often—a poor little feeble voice. It comes and goes like the wind in the long winter nights, but it sounds so distant. Why doesn't it come nearer? Why doesn't it come close to us that we may take the child in, and comfort it?"

"Ah, Muriel, Muriel! so full of fancies!" repeated the old woman, like the refrain of an ancient ballad.

The sound of doors opening and loud voices announced the return of the family.

"You'd better go back to the hall, Sir. Bridget won't like to find you here, with *her*," said Mrs. Trevanard in a hurried whisper, pointing to the figure leaning against her knees.

Humphrey obeyed without a word. His last look at Muriel showed him the great haggard eyes gazing at the fire, the wasted hands clasped upon the grandmother's knee.

He left Borcel early next morning, Martin insisting upon bearing him company for the first few miles of his journey. He had paid liberally for his entertainment, rewarded the servant, and parted upon excellent terms with Mr. and Mrs. Trevanard and the blind grandmother. But he saw no more of Muriel, and it was with her image that Borcel End was most associated in his mind. When he was parting with Martin he ventured to speak of her, for the first time since that conversation in the dog-cart.

"Martin, I am going to say something which will perhaps offend you, but it is something I can't help saying."

"I don't think there's much fear of offense between you and me—at least not on my side."

"I am not so sure of that; some subjects are hazardous even between friends. You remember our talk about your sister? Well, I have seen her twice since then—never mind how or where; and I am more interested in her sad story than I can well express to you. It seems to me that there is something in that story which you, her only brother, ought to know, or, in a word, that she has need of your love and protection. Do not suppose for a moment that I would insinuate any thing against your father and mother. They have doubtless done their duty to her according to their lights, but it is just possible that she has need of more active friendship, more sympathetic affection, than they can give. She clings to her old grandmother—a fading succor. When old Mrs. Trevanard dies, your sister will lose a natural nurse and protector. It will be your duty to lighten that loss for her, to interpose your love between her and the sense of desolation that may then arise. You are not angry with me for saying so much?"

"Angry with you! no, indeed. You set me thinking, that's all. Poor Muriel! I used to be so fond of her when I was a little chap, and perhaps I have thought too little about her of late years. My mother doesn't like any interference upon that point—doesn't even like me to talk of my poor sister, and so I've got into the way of taking things for granted, and holding my tongue. Honestly, if I had thought there was any thing to be done for Muriel, that she could be better off than she is or happier than she is, I should have been the first to make the attempt to bring about that improvement. But my mother has always told me there was nothing to be done except submit to the will of Providence."

"Your mother may be right, Martin; it is not for me, a stranger in your home, to gainsay her. But your sister's case seems to me most pitiful, and it will be long before I shall get her image out of my mind. If ever there should come a time when you may need the advice or the assistance of a man of the world upon that subject, be very sure my best services will be at your disposal. And whenever you come to London on business or on pleasure, remember that you are to make my home yours."

"I shall take you at your word. But you are more likely to come back to Borcel than I to come to London, for, mind, I count upon your coming next summer. And now you are so thick with the Manor-house people, you've some inducement for coming," added Martin, with the faintest touch of bitterness.

"There is temptation enough for me at Borcel End, Martin, without any question of the Manor-house."

Martin shook his head incredulously.

"Miss Bellingham is too pretty to be left out of the question," he said.

"Miss Bellingham! A mere Dresden China beauty, a very fine specimen of human wax-work. I have told you my adventure in that line, Martin. I'm not likely to make a second venture."

They parted with the friendliest farewell, and Humphrey felt that he was leaving something more than a chance acquaintance behind him at Borcel End.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"SUCH A LORD IS LOVE."

Nothing could be more perfect than that serenity which ruled the domestic life of Penwyn Manor. The judgment which Humphrey Clissold had formed of that life, as seen from the outside, was fully confirmed by its inner everyday aspect. Mr. and Mrs. Penwyn had no company manners. They did not pose themselves before a stranger as model husband and wife, and settle their small differences at their leisure in the sanctuary of the lady's dressing-room or the gentleman's study. They had no differences, but lived in each other and for each other.

Yet, so impossible is perfect happiness to erring mortality, even here there was a hitch. Affection the most devoted, peace that knew not so much as a summer cloud across its fair horizon—these there were truly—but not quite happiness. Madge Penwyn had discovered somehow, by some subtle power of intuition given to anxious wives, that the husband she loved so fondly was not altogether happy, that he had his hours of lassitude and depression, when the world seemed to him, like Hamlet's world, "out of joint"—his dark moments, when even she had no spell that could exorcise his demon.

Vainly she sought a cause for these changeful moods. Was he tired of her? Had he mistaken his own feelings when he chose her for his wife? No, even when most perplexed by his fitful spirits, she could not doubt his love. That revealed itself with truth's simple force. She knew him well enough to know that his love for her was the diviner half of his nature.

Once, on the eve of an event which was to complete the sacred circle of their home life, when her nature was most sensitive, and she clung to him with a pathetic dependence, Madge ventured to speak of her husband's intervals of gloom.

"I'm afraid there is something wanting even in your life, Churchill," she said, gently, fearful lest she should touch some old wound, "that you are not quite happy at Penwyn."

"Not happy! My dear love, if I am not happy here, and with you, there is no such thing as happiness for me. Why should I not be happy? I have no wish unfulfilled, except perhaps some dim, half-formed aspiration to make my name famous—an idea with which most young men begin life, and which I can well afford to let stand over for future consideration while I make the most of the present here with you."

"But, Churchill, you know that I would not for the world stand between you and ambition. You must know how more than proud any success of yours would make me."

"Yes, dearest, and by-and-by I will put up for Seacomb, and try to make a little character in the House, for your sake," replied Mr. Penwyn, with a yawn. "It's a wonderful thing how ambitious a man feels while he has his living to win, and only his own wits to help him. Then, indeed, the distant blast of Fame's trumpet is a sound that wakes him early in the morning, and keeps him at his post in the night-watches. But then Fame means income, position, the world's esteem, all the good things of life. The penniless struggler knows he must be Cæsar or nothing. Give the same man a comfortable estate like Penwyn, and Fame becomes a mere addendum to his life—an ornament which vanity may desire, but which hardly weighs against the delight of idle days and nights that know not care. In short, darling, since I won fortune and you I have grown somewhat forgetful of the dreams I cherished when I was a struggling bachelor."

"Is it regret for those old dreams that makes you so gloomy sometimes, Churchill?"

"I do not regret them. I regret nothing. I am not gloomy," said Churchill, eagerly. "Never question my happiness, Madge. Joy is a spirit too subtle to endure a doubter's analysis. God forbid that you and I should be otherwise than utterly happy! Oh, my dear love, never doubt me! Let us live for each other, and let us at least be sure that I have made your life all sunshine!"

"It has never known a cloud since our betrothal, Churchill, except when I have thought you depressed and despondent."

"Neither depressed nor despondent, Madge, only thoughtful. A man whose early days have been for the most part given up to thinking must have his hours of thoughtfulness now and then. And perhaps my life here has smacked a little too much of the Lotus Land. I must begin to look about me, and take more interest in the estate; in short, follow in the footsteps of my worthy grandfather, the old Squire, as soon as I can add the respectable name of father to my qualifications for the post."

That time came before the sickle had been put to the last patch of corn upon the uplands above Penwyn Manor. The halting bell of Penwyn Church rang out its shrill peal one August morning, and the little world within ear-shot of the Manor knew that the Squire rejoiced in the coming of his first-born. There were almost as many bonfires in the district that summer night, outflaring the mellow harvest moon, as at Penzance on the eve of St. John the Evangelist. The first-born was a son, whose advent the newspapers, local and metropolitan, duly recorded: "At Penwyn Manor, August 25, the wife of Churchill Penwyn, Esq., of a son (Nugent Churchill)." The new-comer's names had been settled beforehand.

"The sweet thing!" exclaimed Lady Cheshunt, when she read the announcement in the reading-room of a German Kursaal. "I feel as if she had made me a grandmother."

And Lady Cheshunt wrote straight off to her silversmith and ordered him to make the handsomest thing in christening cups, and sent a six-page letter to Mrs. Penwyn by the same post, requesting, in a manner that amounted to a com-

mand, that she might be represented by proxy as sponsor to the infant.

The child's coming gave new brightness to the domestic horizon. Viola was in raptures. This young nephew was the first baby that had ever entered into the sum of her daily life. She seemed to regard him as a phenomenon; very much as grave fellows of the Zoological Society regarded the first hippopotamus born in Regent's Park.

Madge saw no more clouds on her husband's brow after that gentle remonstrance of hers. Indeed, he took pains to demonstrate his perfect contentment. His naturally energetic character re-asserted itself. He threw himself heart and soul into that one ambition of the old Squire—the improvement and aggrandizement of the Penwyn estate. He made a fine road across those lonely hills, and planted the land on both sides of it with Scotch and Norwegian firs, wherever there was ground available for plantation. The young groves arose, giving a new charm to the face of the landscape, and a new source of revenue to the lord of the soil. Mr. Penwyn also interested himself in the mining property, and, finding his agent an easy-going, incapable sort of person, took the collection of the royalty into his own hands, much to the improvement of his income. People shrugged their shoulders and said that the new Squire was just such another as "Old Nick," meaning the late Nicholas Penwyn. But careful as he was of his own interests, Churchill did not prove himself an illiberal landlord or a bad paymaster. Those plantations and new roads of his gave employment enough to use up all the available labor of the district, and impart new prosperity to the neighborhood. When he suggested an improvement to a tenant he was always ready to assist in carrying it out. He renewed leases to good tenants upon the easiest terms, but was merciless in the expulsion of bad tenants. He was just one of those landlords who do most to improve the condition of an estate and the people on it, and in Ireland would inevitably have met with a violent death. The Celts of Western England took matters more quietly, abused him a good deal, owned that he was the right sort of man for the improvement of the soil, and submitted to fate, which had given them King Stork rather than King Log for their ruler.

When the election came on Mr. Penwyn put himself into nomination for Seacomb, and came in with flying colors. All the trading classes voted for him out of self-interest. He had spent more money in the town than any one of his name had ever expended there. Madge's popularity secured the lower classes. Her schools were the admiration of the district, and she was raising up a model village between Old Penwyn and the Manor-house. "Madge's Folly," Mr. Penwyn called the pretty cluster of cottages on the slope of the hill; but he allowed his wife to draw upon his balance to any extent she pleased, and never grumbled at the builder's bills, or troubled her by suggesting that the money she was laying out was likely to produce something less than two per cent.

So Churchill Penwyn wrote himself down M.P., and might be fairly supposed to have conquered all good things which fortune could bestow upon a deserving scion of Burke's Landed Gentry. He had a fair young wife, who won love and honor from all who knew her. His infant heir was esteemed a model of all that is most excellent in babyhood. His sister-in-law believed in him as the most wonderful and admirable of husbands and men. His estate prospered, his plantations grew and flourished. The vast Atlantic itself was as a lake beneath his windows, and seemed to call him lord. No cloud, were it but the bigness of a man's hand, obscured the brightness of his sky.

Mr. and Mrs. Penwyn spent their second season in town with greater distinction than their first. More people were anxious to know them, more exalted invitation cards showered in upon them, and Churchill, who had been a successful man even in the days of his poverty, felt that he had then only tasted the skimmed milk of success, and that this which was offered to his lips to-day was the cream. There was a subtle difference in the manner of his reception by the same world nowadays. If he had been only a country gentleman, with the ability to take a furnished house in Belgravia, the difference might have been slight enough; or, indeed, the advantage might have been on the side of the portionless barrister with his way to make in life, and his chances of success before him. But Churchill's maiden speech had been a success. He had developed a special capacity for committees, had shown slow-going county members how to get through their work in about one-fifth of the time they had been in the habit of giving to it, had proved himself a master of railway and mining economics—in a word, without noise, or bluster, or assumption, had infused something of transatlantic goaheadishness into all the business to which he put his hand. Men in high places marked him as a young man worth cultivating, and thus, before the session was over, Churchill Penwyn had tasted the first-fruits of Parliamentary success.

Perhaps if ever a man went in danger of being spoiled by a wife, Churchill Penwyn was that man. Madge simply worshiped him. To hear him praised, to see him honored, was to her of all praise and honor the highest. She shaped all the circumstances of her life to suit his interest and his convenience; chose her acquaintance at his bidding, would have given up the greatest party of the season to sit by his side in the dingy Eton Square study, copying paragraphs out of a blue-book for his use and advantage. Churchill, on his side, was careful not to impose upon devotion so unselfish, and was never prouder than in assisting at his wife's small social triumphs. He chose the colors of her dresses, and took as much interest in her toilet as in the state of the mining market. He never seemed so happy as in those rare evenings which he contrived to spend alone with Madge, or hearing some favorite opera with her, and going quietly home afterward to a snug little *tête-à-tête* supper, while Viola was dancing to her heart's content under the wing of some good-natured chaperon, like Lady Cheshunt.

That friendly dowager was enraptured with her protégée's domestic life.

"My sweet love, you renew one's belief in Arcadia!" she exclaimed to Madge, after her enthusiastic fashion. "I positively must buy you a crook, and a lamb or two to lead about with blue ribbons. You are the simplest of darlings. To see how you worship that husband of yours puts me in mind of Baucis and what's his name, and all that kind of thing. And to think that I should have taken such trouble to warn you against this very man! But then who could imagine that young Penwyn would have been so good-natured as to die?"

"When are you coming to see me at the Manor, Lady Cheshunt?" asked Madge, laughing at her friend's raptures. "You can form no fair idea of my domestic happiness in London. You must see me at home in my Arcadia, with my crook and flock."

"You dear child, I shall certainly come in August."

"I'm so glad. You must be sure to come before the twenty-fifth. That's Nugent's birthday, you know, and I mean to give a pastoral *fête* in honor of the occasion, and you will see all my cottagers and their children, and the rough miners, and discover what a curious kingdom we reign over in the West."

"My dearest love, I detest poor people and tenants and cottagers—but I shall come to see *you*."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

AUGUST.

Sunday,	23.—Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
Monday,	24.—St. Bartholomew.
Sunday,	30.—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday,	6.—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	13.—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	15.—National Conference of Unitarian Churches, Saratoga.
Sunday,	20.—Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Monday,	21.—St. Matthew the Evangelist.
Sunday,	27.—Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	29.—St. Michael and all Angels.

The attempt upon the life of Prince Bismarck has led the government to issue a circular to all district prosecutors, notifying them that the cause of the attempt "is to be found in the unlicensed language of the Catholic newspapers, and in the seditious speeches at the Catholic unions." The prosecutors are therefore ordered to look sharply after these parties. The police have searched the houses of the manager of the "Mainz Catholic Union," in Berlin, and of the editor of the *Germania*. Six detectives have been sent to Kissingen to watch over the safety of Bismarck.

The programme of the National Conference of the Unitarian Churches, which opens September 15, at Saratoga, promises a great variety of interesting discussion. A sermon will be preached by Robert Collyer; E. E. Hale will present the report of the "Council." Temperance, crime and criminals, the voluntary system and its rivalries and competitions, are among the topics for consideration named. During the session social meetings will be held in the parlors of the United States Hotel.

The British Wesleyan Conference, which assembled this year at Camborne, Cornwall, organized by the election of the Rev. W. M. Punshon as president, and the Rev. Gervase Smith as secretary. The committees of review, whose practice it is to meet in advance of the Conference, were well attended. In that on Conference Schools a motion to admit the sons of laymen thereto was rejected. The Committee on Education reported the number of Wesleyan day schools to be 906, of scholars 178,717; total income of the schools, £160,713, of which £66,518 was derived from government grants. The total cost of the day schools for 1873 was £164,244. The number of Sunday-schools was stated to be 5787, of teachers and officers 110,123, of scholars 688,986. The annual cost of the Sunday-schools is set down at £44,548. The Chapel Committee reported that during the year £378,000 had been expended on new chapel erections and in reducing chapel debts; the increased accommodation reaches 22,000 sittings. The Metropolitan Chapel Committee's report stated that in twelve years forty-two chapels had been erected in London at a cost of £243,000; the total number of Wesleyan Church sittings now provided in the metropolis is 92,842.

The Church Patronage Bill, which is designed to bring the Presbyterian bodies of Scotland into harmony, and, if possible, union, has not been very cordially received by the Free and the United Presbyterian Churches. Yet the surrender of patronage and the concession of the election of pastors to the people will place all these Presbyterian bodies more nearly upon a level. It has been finally decided that the electors shall be composed of the "congregation as a whole," rather than of "seat-holders" or "communicants." Where the communicants do not exceed twenty-five in number, the pastor will be elected by the Presbytery, subject to such rules as may be imposed by the General Assembly. This would open the way for the election of Free Church ministers in parishes whose people mostly adhere to that Church.

All questions in relation to Presbyterianism in Scotland will be narrowed to this one: "Shall reunion be effected on the basis of establishment, or after disestablishment?" In the Patronage Bill the government has made a sincere effort to place all the Churches more nearly upon an equality. The experience of the voluntary system has, however, been so satisfactory to the Free and the United Churches that they are but little inclined to re-enter the State Church on any terms. Disestablishment of the Scotch State Kirk seems more likely than the absorption by it of the other Churches.

Plans for the Church of the "Sacred Heart," on Montmartre, Paris, are now under consideration. This edifice is to be erected as a national expiation of the murder of the Archbishop of Paris during the war of 1870; it is a part also of the dedication of all France to the devotion of the Sacred Heart. The church will cost a large sum, of which as much as $300,000 has already been raised.

The Baptists of Indiana are taking measures for founding a university in Indianapolis, the State capital. Offers of $100,000 for buildings have been made by leading church members of that city. The State Convention of Baptists, which meets at Fort Wayne in October next, will take this project into consideration.

In both the Reformed Churches, Dutch and German, the propriety of adopting the prefix "Evangelical" as part of the title has been suggested. It is claimed that "if this were done, the Church might go on forming an organic union, through its own Church membership, not merely with Presbyterians, but with Christians of every denomination, which would be better." The identity of the names of the two bodies is not a little perplexing to many persons.

Mr. Disraeli and his ministers have been compelled to surrender nearly all the clauses of the "Endowed Schools Bill." This measure affected the interests of about five hundred schools, which had been made by the last Parliament national, so that Non-conformists could be appointed as governors, and laymen as head-masters. The new bill changed them again to exclusive Church of England schools. The opposition of the Dissenters to this scheme of Lord Sandon's was very determined. The Wesleyans presented a petition against it to the House of Commons, in which they say: "We regard the foundations which were created before the Toleration Act as having been of a national character, and as such we hold that they ought not to be administered in the interest of any particular Church, sect, or denomination." So much of the new bill passed through committee as transfers the powers of the Endowed Schools Commissioners to the Charity Commissioners. The most obnoxious clauses were withdrawn by Mr. Disraeli. Whether the new Commissioners will administer as liberally as did the old remains to be seen. In this debate Mr. Gladstone distinguished himself on the opposition side, to the great delight of the English Non-conformists.

Dr. Pusey has felt called upon to write a letter to the London *Times* in order to explain why he has not restrained the extreme men of his party. His chief reason is that he has had no official power. He says: "I had no office (such as an archdeacon's) which entitled me to interfere with others, or to mind any vineyard but my own. I could say nothing publicly without assuming to be what I was not—the head of a party. When I could, I urged *usque ad nauseam* any I could influence not to make any changes without having first won the people. Young men then thought themselves more advanced than the veterans of 1833. I, for my part, thought that Phaeton was driving the chariot of the sun; but they had as much right to their opinion as I to mine, so they went their way. I held on mine." He claims, however, that he and the extremists have been forced by the Church Association to become a party, to assert "(1) loyalty to the Church of England; (2) readiness to obey the law when it should be ascertained what is the law; (3) a consciousness of the greatness of the issue, the sacramental doctrine of Holy Scripture and the primitive Church; (4) utter indifference to any temporal consequences which might ensue to any of us."

This is a very clear statement of the issue between Dr. Pusey's party and their antagonists.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A storm at the sea-shore is, to our fancy, more agreeable than a storm at sea. In fact, it makes quite an interesting episode in summer life at a watering-place. You are roused before daybreak by the whistling wind and rain pelting against the windows—sounds not so soporific as the monotonous roar of the surf dashing almost beneath your window, which usually acts as a lullaby. But remembering that you are not upon the sea, you turn over composedly and take another nap. At breakfast a moist company assemble. "No bathing to-day," is the general remark, as they look dolefully from the windows toward the tumultuous waves. What is to be done at the sea-shore on a stormy day? Some betake themselves to games, some to novels, and not a few find it needful to rescue their private property from the dripping rain that leaks through windows, doors, and roofs into their rooms. But there are many to whom this scene is a novelty, and they sit fascinated at the sea-view windows. The wind howls mournfully, the big drops dash violently against the panes; but it is the swelling, foaming, dashing billows which fix the eye, ever-changing, restless waves angrily chasing each other up the beach. We catch such a glimpse of white-crested waters as no calm, sunny day ever exhibits. Yet on this angry sea a small row-boat has ventured to rescue a little craft, which, with unfurled sails, is anchored a short distance from shore. To an unaccustomed eye it seems as if the frail boat would be submerged, but she rides the billows lightly, the little vessel is safely reached, and we watch her until she disappears in the distance to some safer moorings. But are some bold spirits going to plunge into the briny surf on such a day as this? Yes, verily. Some wild desire to test their strength and courage must have prompted them. Not only gentlemen but ladies make the venture. In they plunge boldly. But it is very evident from the brief time they gambol in the swiftly rushing surf that the bathing is not altogether attractive. "How is it?" we inquire of one, as he emerges, fresh and rosy. "Icy cold," he replies, "but I am hot." A few brave the storm, and promenade the beach, inspired by the wild, romantic sight. The tide is swiftly rising. The long, foam-crested billows tumble violently over each other and dash upon the beach, creeping up higher and higher. It is a scene magnificently grand. Summer sea-side life is not complete without at least one great storm.

The publication of the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* may be expected in the course of a few months. The *Academy* states that more than half the matter in this ninth edition will be new, the recent rapid progress of science having rendered extensive changes necessary.

The foundation-stone of the "Lincoln Tower" has been recently laid upon a site at the junction of the Westminster and Kennington roads, London. This monument is "an international memorial of emancipation," and will consist of a tower and spire two hundred feet in height. In the walls are to be inwrought the Stars and Stripes, while stony British lions and American eagles guard the tower. Within are to be at least two large rooms, to be named after Washington and Wilberforce, where instruction will be given to advanced students whose means are limited.

There are about eighteen hundred of the Thousand Isles! Nearly a thousand of them are within six miles of Alexandria Bay, and the rest are scattered up and down the St. Lawrence River. The poet thus gives a picture of them and their surroundings:

"The Thousand Isles, the Thousand Isles,
Dimpled the wave around them smiles,
Kissed by a thousand red-lipped flowers,
Gemmed by a thousand emerald bowers.

"There St. Lawrence gentlest flows,
There the south wind softest blows,
There the lilies whitest bloom,
There the birch hath leafiest gloom."

Some monster is annually captured at every sea-shore resort. At Atlantic City, this year, it is of the turtle species, six feet long, black, with white spots on the head, and its estimated weight is about seven hundred pounds. The creature was caught in a net, transferred into a sort of tub built for his accommodation, and kept on exhibition for a while.

An English writer says that his plan has proved successful in protecting all kinds of fruit from birds. He takes a ball of thread and fastens the end to a twig of gooseberry or currant bush, and then crosses the thread from twig to twig in various directions. Or trees may be treated in the same manner. The birds come to settle on trees or bushes, strike against the slender snares, and fly away in haste.

There is a deal of truth in the following bit, which we cut from an exchange: "To grow rich is not to make more money, but to spend less. If one is not accumulating money as fast as he thinks he ought, the remedy in nine cases out of ten is not greater exertion to make money, but greater care to save it. Indeed, he who saves money systematically, putting away a part, even though it be a small part, of each week's or each day's earnings, is rich already. His means exceed his necessities, and that is wealth always." If people generally would conduct their affairs on the principle above inculcated there would be comparatively little business anxiety, and much greater comfort and happiness in the household.

We may yet talk about August with its sweltering heat, but the early days of August have certainly proved remarkably cool. Thin garments have been almost wholly discarded at watering-places. Ladies have found their warmest clothing indispensable, and have even found themselves shivering in their thickest wraps.

Surf bathing at Long Branch has the reputation of being more unsafe than at other places along the New Jersey coast. It is true that almost every year some accident happens there, as, indeed, is the case at almost every sea-shore resort. These accidents usually occur to those who recklessly expose themselves. Where a beach is not level, and the under-tow is strong, prudence is necessary. At Long Branch there are many appliances for the safety of bathers. Ropes are well fastened to the land and extend into the ocean as far as any one need go; and expert swimmers and boats are always ready in case of any emergency. Individual caution is needful always to guard against accident.

A visitor to Omaha writes of the country being alive with the potato-bug, the cricket, and several varieties of grasshoppers. The crickets move together by the million, seeming to be guided in their course by a common instinct. In their migrations they cross streams. Before entering the water they seem to hold a consultation; they follow the course of the current, and on landing recommence their devastations on the first edible vegetation they find.

Clams, raw, fried, roasted, and in the form of chowder, are immensely popular at Coney Island, Rockaway Beach, and, in fact, at a majority of the sea-shore places to which the common masses resort. Roasted clams are a good appetizer.

California has a curiosity called the Gas Spring. It is among the mountains; the water is ice-cold, bubbling, and foaming, but no live thing is found within a hundred yards of it. If birds fly over it, they often fall dead. It is said if a human being inhale the gas, it will kill him in twenty minutes. Standing near the spring for five minutes will give one a dull, heaving sensation, the result of the carbonic acid gas.

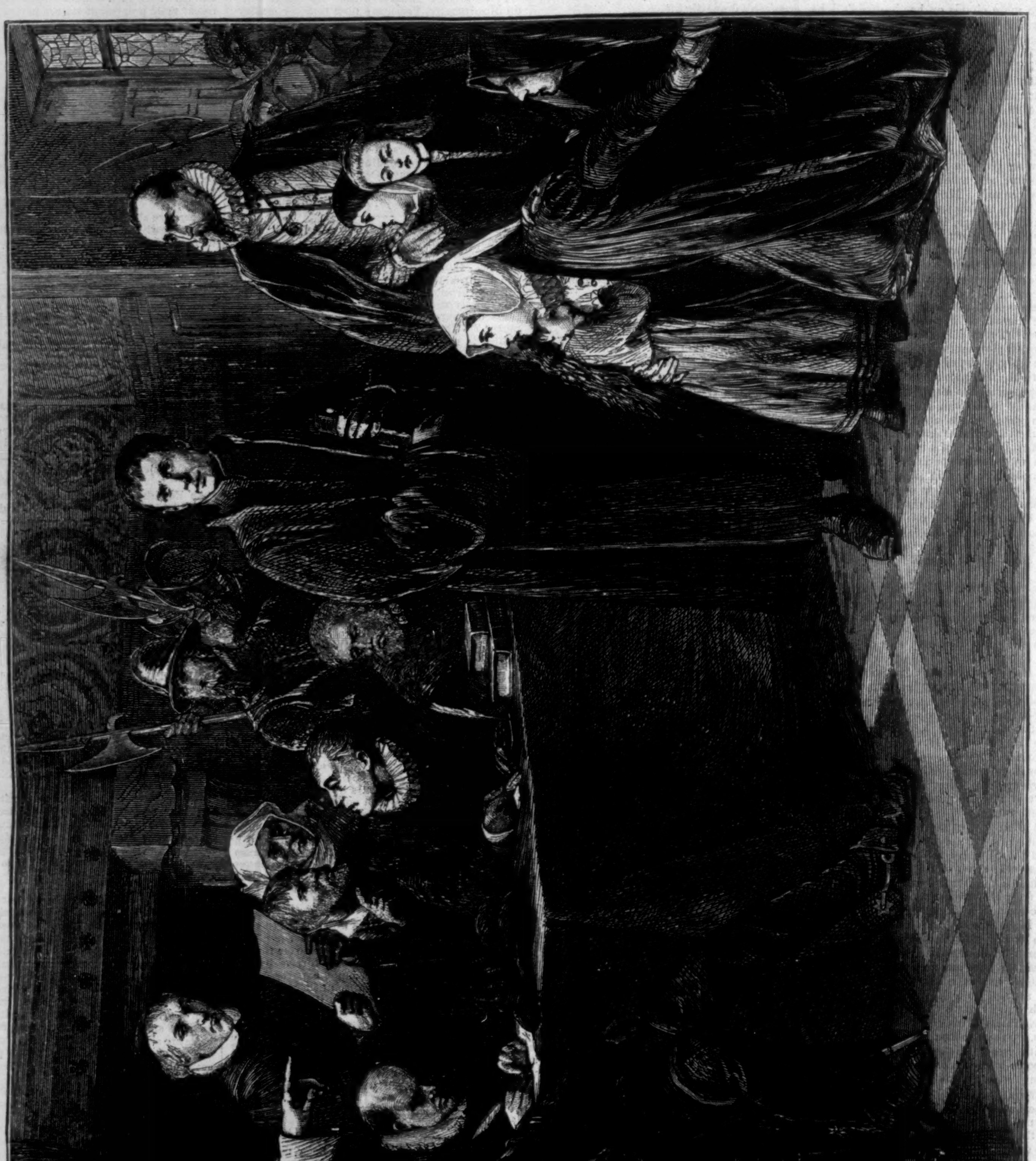
City physicians tell of numbers of patients returned from summer resorts for treatment! And they say that the pure air and good living of the city soon invigorate them! Doctors are scarce at watering-places and mountain resorts. Perhaps they are sensitive on the point.

At a recent temperance meeting in Fitchburg, Massachusetts, the following story was told of Lieutenant-Governor Talbot. At the time of his election he was to give a dinner in honor of the event. The caterer came to him for directions. He said, "Spare no expense; get the best dinner you can; but no liquor." The caterer went away astonished, and came back, saying that the friends said that would not do—they must have wines at such a dinner as that. Governor Talbot repeated positive directions that there should be no liquor, upon which the dinner was declined. They would not have it if they could not have liquor. He then estimated the expense of the dinner and gave it to the Temperance Alliance.

BEFORE THE BLOOD-COUNCIL.

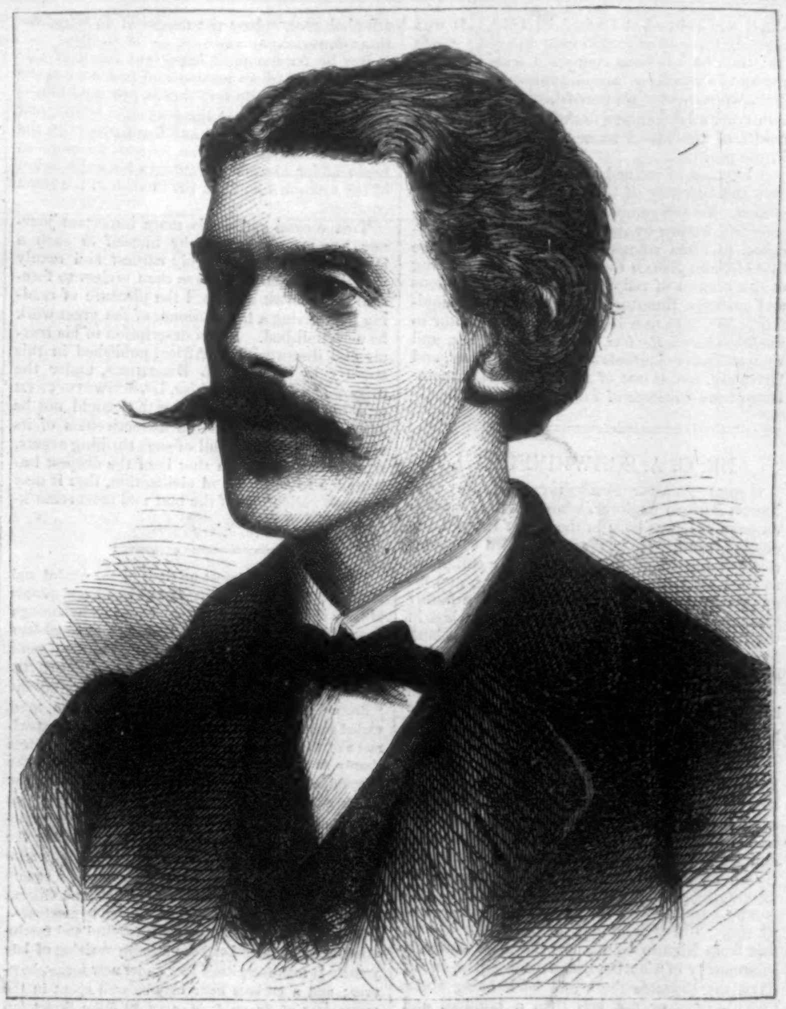
IN 1567 the infamous Duke of Alva established in the Netherlands a new court for the trial of persons charged with crimes against the state or the Catholic religion. It was called the Council of Troubles, but it soon acquired the terrible name of the Blood-Council. It superseded all other tribunals and institutions. Every other court was forbidden to take cognizance, in future, of any cause growing out of civil troubles. The "Blood-Councilors" were all the willing tools of ALVA, men who rejoiced in cruelty and murder, and to whom mercy and justice were unknown. Among them was the Flemish councilor HESSELS, who was especially liked by ALVA for his cruelty. Being allowed to take but little share in the deliberations of the council, for he was utterly destitute of talent or learning, he was accustomed to doze away his afternoon hours at the council-table, and when awakened from his nap in order that he might express an opinion on the case before the court, was wont to rub his eyes and call out, "To the gallows with him! to the gallows with him!"

The constitution of this terrible court, says MOTLEY in his *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, was of a twofold nature. It defined and it punished the crime of treason. The definitions, couched in eighteen articles, declared it to be treason to have delivered or signed any petition against the new bishops, the Inquisition, or the edicts; to have tolerated public preaching under any circumstances; to have omitted resistance to image-breaking, to field-preaching, and "either through sympathy or surprise" to have asserted that the king did not possess the right to deprive all the provinces of their liberties, or to have maintained that the present tribunal, the Blood-Council, was bound to respect any laws or any charters. The punishment was instant death in all cases. In less than three months from the time of its erection eighteen hundred human beings had suffered death by its summary proceedings. Some of the highest, the noblest, and most virtuous in the land were among the number. One of its earliest victims was Count EGMONT, whose tragical story is told in GOETHE's well-known drama. Yet this terrible court had not even a nominal authority. The king had granted it no charter, nor had the Duke of Alva commissioned any of its members either in his own name or as Captain-General. "The Blood-Council," says MOTLEY, "was merely an informal club, of which the duke was perpetual president, while the other members were all appointed by himself."



A NOBLE FAMILY BEFORE THE DUKE OF ALVA'S BLOOD-COUNCIL.

MAX MÜLLER.



DR. SCHWEINFURTH, THE AFRICAN EXPLORER.—[SEE PAGE 722.]

MAX MÜLLER.

THIS distinguished scholar, whose portrait is given on this page, was born at Dessau, in Germany, on the 6th of December, 1823. His father was WILHELM MÜLLER, a poet of minor celebrity. He was christened FREDERICK MAXIMILIAN (commonly abbreviated into the more familiar MAX). After the usual school training he entered the University of Leipsic, and took his degree in 1843. His attention was strongly attracted to the study of the Sanskrit language and literature, and his first book, published in 1844, was a translation of Sanskrit fables. He afterward pursued these studies at Paris, and in 1846 went to England for the same purpose. As he was on the point of returning to Germany he made the acquaintance of Chevalier BUNSEN, then Prussian embassador in London, who persuaded him to remain in England. The East India Company was induced to publish the work on which he was then engaged, an edition of the *Rig-Veda*, the sacred hymns of the Brahmins, and the commentary of *Sâyanâchârya*, the first volume of

A STRING OF BLACKBERRIES.

which was printed at Oxford in 1849. It was a splendid quarto of one thousand pages. Since that time he has been connected with the University of Oxford in various professorships. In 1858, when a new professorship, that of Comparative Philology, was founded at Oxford, the statute of foundation named him as the first to fill the position.

A long list of learned and important works attests the industry of his literary and scholastic career. To the general reading public he is perhaps best known by the collection of essays published in three volumes, in 1868–70, under the title of *Chips from a German Workshop*, treating of the science of religion, mythology, traditions and customs, literature, biography, and antiquities. Mr. MÜLLER is a frequent contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, the London *Times*, and various literary journals of England, France, and Germany, and is one of the eight foreign members of the Institute of France.

DR. G. A. SCHWEINFURTH.

GEORG AUGUST SCHWEINFURTH, the well-known African explorer, whose portrait is given on page 721, was born in the city of Riga in December, 1836. He is therefore still a comparatively young man. His father having emigrated to Riga from the vicinity of Heidelberg, and his mother being a member of a well-known family belonging to the old German merchant class in the former city, he is thus descended from both North and South German stocks, though himself a Russian by birth.

At a very early age he showed the natural bent of his mind by his deep interest in geography and natural history. He soon began making boyish excursions into the country around Riga, and became such a good marksman that he always brought home some bird or animal to be carefully examined at his leisure. He also acquired, without any very systematic instruction, considerable proficiency as a draughtsman, and seldom failed during his trips to the country to portray some picturesque landscape or striking figure that attracted his attention.

These wanderings gradually grew longer, until they reached a climax in one excursion on foot from Riga to Domesnes, the most northern promontory of Courland, and back again, in six days, the distance there and back being about fifty German, or not less than a hundred and twelve English, miles.

The life he thus led before his twentieth year was just such a training as he needed to fit him for the great achievements of his manhood; and we seem to see plainly and clearly the hand of Providence at that period preparing the instrument with which it would in the fullness of time clear away another great part of the cloud of darkness resting on the wilds of Africa, and so make way for the further advance of civilization and the wider spreading of the Gospel.

In the summer of 1857 he accompanied his parents to the watering-place of Gastein, among the mountains of Southern Austria. It was here, amidst the varied flora of the Alps, that he first found that attraction in the manifestations of vegetable life which has since helped to make him so distinguished as a botanist and "plant-hunter." He also soon acquired great ease in mastering the difficult ascents of that mountainous neighborhood, and before he left Gastein had accomplished feats which placed his name high on the roll of daring and successful Alp-climbers.

In October of the same year he entered the University of Heidelberg as a student of physical science. He spent three years of diligent study, first at Heidelberg and afterward at Munich, interrupted, however, by several short excursions into adjacent countries, including one journey as far as Sicily. Finally, after finishing his college education, he went in 1860 to live in Berlin.

Here he came in contact with the eminent botanist ALEXANDER BRAUN, with H. BARTH, and other renowned scientific men, and he was not long in gaining an honored and well-deserved place in that erudite circle. Soon after taking up his residence in Berlin he published some of the results of his various excursions and investigations in connection with botany, and was rewarded by the warm praise of several high authorities in that department of science.

His reputation being now established, he was called upon, in 1862, to examine and classify the African plants that had been gathered by Baron von Barnim, who, after making this valuable collection, had died in the country of the Blue Nile. SCHWEINFURTH executed this work so faithfully and well that he received in consequence his title of doctor, being at that time only twenty-seven years old.

But his employment upon this object had a still more important bearing upon his life; for his interest was so thoroughly aroused by his investigation of these African plants that he was filled with an earnest desire to go himself to the place of their growth, and to seek some of many wonders of nature that still remained undiscovered in that part of the world. And from this feeling finally resulted his first journey to the Nile country.

He left Berlin in December, 1863, and went by way of Trieste to Alexandria, whence he proceeded to the little known regions around the head waters of the Blue Nile. About these districts, and especially concerning the country of the Ababde and Bishareen, and the negro state of Gallabat, he obtained much new and important information. The last point reached by him on this expedition was the city of Khartoum, at the junction of the Blue and White Niles. On his return to Berlin, in 1866, he brought with him a great quantity of material of the utmost importance to naturalists, and such clear and practical accounts of the lands he had visited as afforded geographers the means of deciding various doubtful points.

But by far the most important result of this preliminary African journey and residence in the Nile region was the fact that it prepared him—through knowledge of the language, habits, and character of the people, and familiarity with the wants and difficulties of an African traveler—to begin under unusual advantages his exploration of the unknown lands in the interior of the same continent.

This second and vastly more important journey has been described by himself in such a modest and yet thoroughly earnest and manly way that it would be worse than useless to forestall the interest and spoil the pleasure of reading it by giving a brief account of the great work he accomplished. In his description of his travels and discoveries in Africa, published in this country by HARPER & BROTHERS, under the title of *The Heart of Africa*, Dr. SCHWEINFURTH tells his own story in a way that could not be surpassed, and besides the attractiveness of its style, his narrative is full of such thrilling events, and contains so much that is of the deepest importance to science and civilization, that it may be justly called one of the best and most remarkable books of the day.

THERE was once almost no limit to the quaint and fanciful forms in which artists fashioned, and people of taste wore, their time-pieces. Lord Londesborough now owns the "book-shaped watch" of Bogislaus XIV., Duke of Pomerania, who figured in the terrible times of Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North. During the latter half of the seventeenth century the "Brothers Heraud" filled Europe with the most varied and fantastic work of this sort; and fine specimens of their watches now command fabulous prices simply as curiosities. Van Pilcom immortalized the tulipomania of Holland in tulip-shaped watches, chequer-chased and parcel-gilt. Mascarone's golden and jeweled padlock-watches; Delafeuille's eagle-watches, one of which, with Ganymede clasping the neck of the bird of Jove, was oddly enough a favorite with the Virgin Queen Bess; Jean Jayne's square scroll-watches, reproduced now in Paris and Geneva as chatelaines—these are all well-known to amateurs.

The taste which inspired these fanciful and fascinating manufactures has been steadily reviving of late years. It manifests itself now under new forms, however; and a curious hour may be well spent in the warerooms of STARR & MARCUS, 22 John Street (up stairs), in examining some examples of this artistic "revival," brought by them from Switzerland, and selected for their beauty and quaintness. The poetical element decidedly predominates in the modern work. The loveliest opalescent enamels are a favorite material, enriched with reproductions of Aurora scattering the rose leaves of early dawn, of the infant day waving his torch abroad over the world, or of the owl flying through the dark blue of a tropic night. One exquisite group of Love and Idleness, in which Cupid has stolen a maiden's distaff, and distracts her mind with roses flung about her feet, is obviously fitted only for vacation hours by the Summer sea, where the busiest fall to dreaming, and "take no note of time save by its loss."—[*Com.*]

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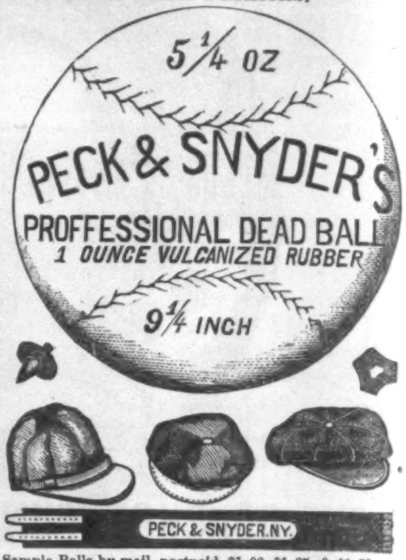

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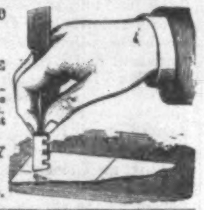

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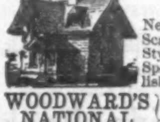

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Something over a year since, a periodical issued in Berlin, Prussia, and laying claims to a scientific character, published what was represented as being the formulæ or receipts for making Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The people were left to infer that these had been deducted from a careful chemical analysis of the medicines, which are rapidly growing in popular favor in that as well as in this and most other civilized couutries. The receipts were evidently invented by those jealous of the reputation and large sale which these medicines are rapidly acquiring and who are pecuniarily interested in endeavoring to check their sale. So ridiculously preposterous are those receipts that medicines compounded after them could never have gained any reputation or sale in any country, for they would be so caustic, poisonous, immediately and positively injurious, as in every case to be promptly condemned by the people on the first trial as miserable, dangerous, and wicked humbugs. Whereas, it is a well-known fact that all my medicines enjoy the reputation, honestly earned, of being not only efficacious, but perfectly mild, pleasant, and harmless in effects. Notwithstanding, however, that the bogus receipts were so ridiculously preposterous as scarcely to have been believed by the most unscientific, thoughtless, and unsuspecting people, yet strange and incredible as it may seem, a paper of high scientific pretensions, published in this country, copied the fictitious receipts from the German paper. This they evidently did without a moment's reflection, for that much consideration, given by an intelligent mind, to the receipts and the properties and effects of the mixtures that would result from such a compounding of well-known caustic and poisonous chemicals and drugs, would have condemned them as bogus fabrications, and the pretentious publishers of the paper that originally inserted them, as either knaves or fools. On my attention being called to the matter, in order that some thoughtless and over credulous people might not be deceived and misled by seeing such an announcement in a paper laying claims to a scientific character, as well as to clear myself of the imputation of being guilty of perpetrating a wicked fraud upon the people, as such announcement, if uncontradicted, would imply, I, as proprietor and manufacturer of the aforesaid celebrated medicines, went before a magistrate and made oath to the fact that the said receipts were utterly false. My affidavit was sent to the publishers of the paper into which the bogus receipts had been copied, and in a subsequent issue an editorial notice was given of my denial. But, notwithstanding such correction and denial, made under oath, certain individuals, who lounge around and infest our large cities, gaining a livelihood by perpetrating all kinds of catch-penny frauds upon the credulous, were thereby given the hint that, as my medicines were universally popular, by advertising for sale bogus receipts for making them, they could get lots of ignorant people to bite at their bait. One Frank M. Reed, of 139 Eighth Street, New York, who publishes "Love and Courtship Cards," a "Fortune Teller and Dream Book," "The Mysteries of Love Making," "How to Woo and How to Win," and various other swindles, sends his dupes the following in exchange for their stamps. It is copied from the papers alluded to and is as follows: "For Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, take eight grains Carbolic Acid, seven grains of Camphor, and two and a half grains of common Salt, the whole to be colored with a little Prussian blue." This makes a powerful caustic mixture, as unlike Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy (which is perfectly unirritating, mild, soothing, and pleasant) as light is from darkness. As "a burnt child dreads the fire," if any have been so foolish as to have burned their noses sore with this caustic compound, thinking that they were using the same as Dr. Sage's celebrated Catarrh Remedy, they will, it is to be hoped, profit by the lesson thereby taught them and not be so ready next time to bite at every catch-penny advertising dodge that swindlers may offer them. For Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery the bogus receipt reads: "Take four drachms purified Honey, fifteen grains extract poisonous Lettuce, thirty grains of Opium, three and a fourth ounces dilute Spirits, three ounces water. Mix." Of this ridiculous bogus formula I will say, as I did under oath, *not one of the medicinal or poisonous ingredients therein given enters into the composition of my Golden Medical Discovery!* And furthermore, I will say that I defy all the chemists in the world to ascertain, by chemical analysis, the composition of any of my Family Medicines, as they can not be analyzed so as to determine their ingredients, many of which are new in medicine, and, like nearly all vegetable extracts, there are no known reagents or chemical tests by which their presence can be determined. If any further proof is wanted to satisfy any person that the receipt given above is utterly false, let that person have the mixture, as given, compounded, and not only will it be seen to be entirely unlike my Discovery in appearance, but if a further test is wanted, by taking a dose of it, it will be found to produce drowsiness and stupor, whereas my Discovery, in ever so large doses, produces no such effect. Others, located in different cities and engaged in advertising for sale bogus receipts for making my medicines, send those that bite at their bait other and various ridiculous formulæ. One sent out by a villainous knave, located in Chicago, gives the chief ingredient of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy as being Blue Vitriol, which is only equaled in absurdity by another issued by parties in Philadelphia who say that the ingredients composing Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are "burnt Alum, white Vitriol, Sugar of Lead, and Prussiate of Iron;" and that my Golden Medical Discovery is "simply Syrup and tincture of Ginger." In refutation of all the various and ridiculous bogus receipts for making my medicines that have ever been, or may hereafter be published and circulated, I would say that I have, in dealing with the people, ever been governed by the maxim that "honesty is the best policy," and that "success makes success;" for it is because some sufferer has obtained relief and cure, that that sufferer has sent another to me; and it is because thousands have been cured that they have recommended me and my superior remedies to other thousands of sufferers. In this way I am constantly making *living* advertisements for myself and medicines. It is a common thing to hear people say that plenty of advertising will make a success out of anything, whether it has any merit or not. Nothing could be farther from the truth. It is with this delusive idea actuating them that thousands have rushed headlong into advertising, only to find themselves bankrupt in a little while. Not more than one in five hundred who engages in advertising medicines ever makes a financial success out of the undertaking, for the reason that a medicine to be successful must possess *unusual* and *extraordinary* merit. It is not enough that it should be a remedy of *fair* efficacy; it must possess *superior* and *wonderful* remedial properties, for if it does not, those who use it with the most sanguine expectations will condemn it. They will expect much of it, and it must be equal to the test, or it will prove ruinous to the proprietor. For, although a great display of advertising will, many times, create a considerable immediate demand for the article advertised, yet if that article does not possess real merit, the demand will be only temporary; the fraud will be detected, and the reaction will upset the proprietor and all his high expectations long before he is able to recover the amount of money already expended. With this view of the subject, I have felt warranted in contracting for hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of advertising in the newspapers of this and other countries, feeling perfectly assured that the merits of my remedies were so great as to insure a financial success out of such a bold undertaking. And in this I have not been disappointed, for my sales have increased steadily year after year, until they will this year largely exceed half a million dollars' worth of my medicines. 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In conclusion, I can not offer a better refutation of the slanderous reports published concerning my medicines than to call attention to the testimonials on file in my office, which are open to the inspection of the public. They are from all parts of the world, and express the gratitude of thousands that have been afflicted with Chronic Catarrh, Lingering Coughs, various Blood Diseases, affecting the skin, flesh, and bones, severe diseases peculiar to Females, and many other forms of obstinate diseases, and have been cured by the use of my Family Medicines, after suffering for years and being pronounced incurable by eminent physicians.

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THE BEGINNING OF AN ARTI

'S CAREER.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]